

In Our Future

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In Our Future

by [mmmMeow](#)

Summary

George and Dream have been together since college (read In All My Fantasies). It's been a while and they live together domestically. Sudden changes happen and cause them to end up in a whirlwind of new situations.

Notes

I have a discord where I'll discuss my ideas, post leaks, spoilers, what not. Join here:
<https://discord.gg/NPqsWU2gtE>

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

cries

I can't abandon y'all like that! I've gotten just as used to updating this as y'all have reading this. I just have to post the first chapter for hype purposes. The next update may take a bit, unfortunately.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Click click click. George's fingers slid across the keyboard easily as he continued to type up his code. The omega was a freelance programmer and coder for whoever wanted to commission him for a project. This one wasn't that bad of a project. He should be finished with it by the end of the day if he continued at his current pace.

George worked from home. Both he and Dream decided that it would be much better if he did. He was already majoring in a predominately beta field, so he had less of a chance of being hired. Most higher ups would only see him by his secondary gender and not by his skills. He may be much better at coding than Dream, but he certainly wasn't as good in the eyes of the high-up alphas.

It wasn't that George liked this, but he grew okay with it over time. They'd been doing this for almost two years at this point. Once they graduated college, they went around looking for jobs. Dream got hired at one of the better places in the area- thank god for that. It was remarkably heartbreaking, though, every time that George applied someplace and they turned him down specifically because his secondary gender was omega.

Dream suggested the whole 'working from home' thing. He wouldn't need to be hired by anyone. They agreed as his clients online wouldn't really know about his secondary gender. Even if they did, they couldn't really complain over his work. If George could say so himself, his code was almost perfect and flawless. Of course, he was sort of biased.

The alpha might've been bringing in more money than the omega but don't cut George too short. Remarkably, he made a lot from his small freelance gig. He was honestly glad that Dream suggested this as that meant he didn't need to worry about alphas around him. Something about working with alphas above him that could control what he did struck a chord within him.

With all the money they made together, they were able to save up enough for a nice, small house in the suburbs. While it would be closer to Dream's job if they lived within the city, they didn't want to deal with the ridiculous amount of money they'd have to spend living in a small apartment. Their house was a rather small two story house with three bedrooms. When the first talked about buying it, George was concerned about how large it was. Dream just told him that it was for their office and guests.

Speaking of where they lived, Dream and George were still in contact with their friends from college. They all lived nearby to the pair. Sapnap and Karl lived in the city while Bad and Skeppy lived in the same neighborhood as Dream and George. That was another reason that the pair decided to live in this home. Skeppy and Bad had a smaller house than they did, but they lived comfortably.

He sighed as he looked at the code on his screen. He'd been working for the last three hours on this one project. He usually only took two or three projects at a time, but this time, he took on four. They were all smaller ones, so he thought he'd be alright as long as he stayed on schedule.

Speaking of schedule, George looked over at his calendar. If he was right, his next heat would be in about a week. That being said, he should finish up all of these projects before then. He would not like the bad feedback if he gave them their projects late. He should if his preheat doesn't last five days. Unfortunately, his preheat schedule has been rather wacky from heat to heat.

George reached his arms up as he began to stretch out his arms. Sitting in one spot while only moving his arms for three hours straight was rather hard on his arms. He glanced at the time in the corner of his computer screen. It was about 1 pm.

Lunch. Whoops- George completely forgot about getting himself something for lunch. He hummed half-heartedly as he wondered if he really even needed to eat lunch. If he didn't, though, his alpha would certainly have something to say about that. George had a tendency to skip since he was alone, so Dream took it upon himself to always make sure that George ate lunch when he got home from work.

Dream worked from nine till five- the average schedule for a coder. With this schedule, he worked five times a week. Sometimes, he would stay late or would go in early, but he only did that whenever he was working on a big project. As of now, he wasn't really doing too much at his job, according to what he told George. Today was Friday, meaning that the pair had the weekend together.

He sighed as he pulled up a food delivery app. What did he even want to eat for lunch? He wasn't even that hungry, but he knew that he'd need to eat something. While looking through, he considered which sounded good to him at that time. He paused as he looked at pictures from the menu of a diner. They looked remarkable- he and Dream should go sometime.

Since he was just eating lunch, he skipped past it and moved on with his looking. After another minute of scrolling, he sighed and closed the tab. He didn't need to order out if all he was going to really do was take a couple bites and throw it away. He needed to stretch his legs, anyway. George stood up and stretched himself out for a moment. He probably should get up more when he's working. That was his thought as he walked towards the kitchen and glanced around the room.

He stepped towards the bread box and pulled out two slices of bread. It didn't really matter to him, so he tossed them haphazardly onto the counter before walking towards the fridge and searching for something to make the sandwich out of. He paused as he looked at the bagged turkey lunchmeat. With a small shrug, he pulled it out along with some swiss cheese.

George stepped back to where he left his bread. It took him only a moment to place the turkey and cheese onto his two slices of bread. When he decided there was enough, he grabbed the other slice and flipped it over to complete his sandwich. Instead of immediately taking a bite into his "masterpiece," he put the turkey and cheese back into the fridge where it belonged.

He grabbed his sandwich and returned to his office. Well, it wasn't really just his office- it was a shared office space between Dream and George. There was another desk and laptop set up on the other side of George's desk. Dream didn't use it too often unless he decided to bring home an important project. He, sometimes, assisted George over there by coding part of his projects.

With a sigh, George took a bite out of his sandwich and returned back to coding. The omega pulled up all four of his projects and flipped between them whenever he got stuck on one. He was only using his one hand, so it wasn't going as smoothly as it usually did. Whatever. Any mistakes that

he made could easily be fixed later.

He ate his sandwich as quickly as he could to get back to coding properly. He got tons of crumbs over himself which made him somewhat frustrated. He was wearing one of Dream's hoodies and some comfortable pajama pants as well. Another perk of working freelance was that he got to wear whatever he wanted.

The next few hours were spent flipping between his four different projects and attempting to complete them. He should be able to finish the one he was working on earlier by today. The other three would probably take a few more days before he was able to finish them. He hoped that he could finish them before he ran into his preheat at the very least. If not, he certainly hoped he would get them done before his actual heat.

As he finished one of his projects, the omega heard the door opening downstairs. Dream must've come home so that meant... Yep, it was 5 pm. He just spent another four hours coding after sitting around for three hours earlier doing just that. Well, Dream was doing the exact same thing, just not at home and in stuffy business clothing.

George smiled as he stood up and quickly exited the office. He could continue working later or even tomorrow depending on how Dream's mood was. The omega quickly stepped down the stairs and met his alpha at the door with a big hug. Well, as big of a hug the small omega could really do.

"Hey Gogy," Dream purred as he embraced the omega back. The alpha was dressed in a white button-up, some basic slacks, and some brown dress shoes. This was definitely not Dream's style, to say the least. He tried to kick off his shoes while wrapping his arms around his lover. It didn't really work that well until he stood on the back of his heels and kicked them off that way.

George pulled away. As he did, he slid his hands down Dream's arms before placing his hands in his alpha's hands. "How was work today?" He could help but smile as he asked. He felt so giddy now that Dream was home despite the fact he was only gone for about eight hours.

"It was good today. I didn't really even do that much, unfortunately," Dream chuckled as he gently began to sway his arms while interlocking his fingers with George's. "How was your day? Did you eat something?" He removed his hand from George's and brought his hand up to cup the omega's face carefully.

"You worry too much, you idiot," George giggled as he nuzzled up against his boyfriend's hand. "Yeah, I ate. I also finished one of my projects." George liked that he was concerned, but it was sometimes annoying. George wasn't some child, he knew what he would do for himself.

"Ooh, you finished one of them? How many do you have left now? Two?" Dream asked, his green eyes excited as he looked at his boyfriend. It seemed that the alpha was as excited to see his lover as George, himself, was. It was good to know and made him feel comforted.

"Three," George responded. "Can you help me out with them over the weekend? I need to get them done before my next heat."

Dream hummed affirmatively. George couldn't help himself as he pulled Dream into a hug. He missed the alpha whenever he went to work. George felt pretty lonely being home all alone for five days straight.

"When is your next heat anyway?" Dream asked, tilting his head to the side while still keeping his arms wrapped around his boyfriend. George didn't realize it until he was already there, but Dream had been slowly leading them towards the couch. The alpha placed himself on the couch, and

George joined him.

“Do you not check the calendar?” George snorted as he peered up at Dream. Dream looked sheepish as he avoided George’s gaze. He didn’t really blame him as he was pretty busy with working in an office. He wasn’t always the best at keeping track with George’s schedule. The omega sighed before he answered his question, “I should get into heat next Monday. You’ll need to get that week off.”

“You think I’d pass up spending a week with you to be in a stuffy old office?” Dream seemed genuinely upset for a moment before he began to giggle as he couldn’t keep up his act. He nuzzled his face up against George’s face and placed some wonderful kisses everywhere he could. George giggled with every kiss placed on his face.

“I hope you’d never do that,” George responded as he melted over the plenty of pecks Dream was showering down on him. He wanted to stay here forever since he loved being in Dream’s arms. Unfortunately, he knew that he couldn’t. Tomorrow, maybe, but not right now. “Now, what would you like to eat?”

Chapter End Notes

quackity has been removed again :)

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

domestic fluff time :)

updates will be sporadic- I want to get a bit of a backlog before I post too much or set an update schedule

Dream's eyes fluttered for a moment as he blinked awake. He couldn't help purr as he noticed the beautiful omega inside of his arms. The pair spent the previous night cuddling wherever they could throughout the night. It began in the kitchen while George cooked dinner before they moved to the dining room to eat and cuddle. After that, they moved to the living room for a few hours. The night ended in their bedroom where they spent the rest of their night cuddling until they fell asleep.

George was facing the alpha and resting his head up against Dream's chest. His breathing was synced up almost perfectly with Dream's as he purred so softly. George always purred in his sleep whenever he was up against Dream. He learned this after the past few years of living together. When Dream came home to George napping and joined him on the couch, he noticed that the omega immediately started to purr when he felt Dream's body against his.

He placed a gentle kiss against his boyfriend's forehead as he stared down at him. He didn't want to wake George up, though, so he was careful not to move or jostle him too much. Dream knew how to do that very well since he had to stay very still whenever he knotted George. He was also quite good at forcing the omega to stay still for the same reason.

Dream knew that the alpha could probably get up without waking George. The omega slept in until about ten or eleven every day while Dream got up at about eight to get ready for work. George looked so cute and soft lying in bed with him. What would Dream even do? Today was supposed to be his day off, so he was spending it like it was his day off. When else did he really have the ability to sleep in and cuddle with his boyfriend?

He assumed that it was probably around eight. The light filtering in was enough clarification that it should be pretty early. If Dream did get up, maybe he could make something for George to eat. What would he want, though? There wasn't really one specific thing that he always ate for breakfast. Actually, he almost never ate breakfast since he woke up and immediately began to work on his projects.

He knew that George was certainly going to spend as much time as he could today coding his projects so he could get them done before his heat. Ever since the 'incident' in college, George had been more careful about his schedule. He never heavily relied on it like he used to. He used it more as a 'suggestion' as to when it would happen. He always made sure to finish his projects the day of the first signs of preheat at the very most.

"Oh Gogy," Dream murmured as he watched his lover closely. The omega purred softly as he heard Dream speak, but Dream knew that the omega was still asleep. George tended to purr whenever he slept next to Dream. He also seemed to do the same, awake or not, whenever Dream said his name, whether it be his actual name or a nickname. "I love you," he purred out as he began to gently pet his hair. He paused before he brought the omega closer to him and wrapped him in a

tight embrace.

Despite Dream trying not to wake him, he felt the omega shift underneath him as he began to slowly wake up.. George squirmed in the alpha's arms before he brought his head up and pressed a kiss against Dream's lips. Dream could feel himself melt into the sudden, but at the same time expected, kiss from his lover.

George pulled away after a minute and stared up at Dream. He looked very sleepy as he just woke up suddenly from whatever dreams he was having. Dream couldn't help but stare back with a small smile as he gazed into his beautiful brown and blue eyes. "What time is it?" George asked groggily.

"Mmm, probably around eight," he hummed in response as he began to run his fingers through the smaller boy's hair again.

"Ugh," George grunted as he pulled the blanket over his head while cuddling up against Dream's chest. "Why did you wake me up so early?" He grumbled, his voice heavily muffled by the blanket he had over his head.

"I didn't mean to wake you," Dream responded softly with a chuckle as he watched George squirm around under the blankets beside him. He continued to run his fingers through the brown locks of the omega.

The omega hummed under the blankets as he seemed to think about what to say in response. "To make it up to me," George began as he pulled the blanket off his head, "I think you should make me breakfast."

Dream smiled as he looked at George again. God- he was so pretty. He could never understand how he managed to snag him back in college and continued to hold onto him. "I can make you breakfast. What would you like?" Dream asked as he placed a kiss on his partner's forehead.

"Pancakes," George smiled as he nuzzled against Dream. Dream hummed as though he was going to speak, but was cut off by George. "Blueberry pancakes. We have the mix in the cabinet."

"I was just gonna ask. Can you read my mind, Gogy?" Dream smiled as he looked into George's beautiful eyes. He couldn't help but love staring at his lover while he was still rather groggy after just waking up. Plus, his bed head made him look so much cuter.

George scoffed, "I've lived with you long enough to know your thought process, Dream. It's almost like we're bonded without actually being bonded."

Dream hummed out in response. Despite the pair being together for a rather long time, they still hadn't officially bonded with one another. Dream was scared about marking George as his own and then something coming along to ruin that. Nothing should, of course, but he was still rather worried. On top of that, Dream wanted to make sure that the moment was nice and special. He didn't want to just bond George out of nowhere for no reason.

Speaking of, Dream was actually very interested in bonding George. He wanted to, but he knew when he would- after they were engaged. Dream had been thinking about proposing to George soon. He'd need to buy a ring and figure out when to do it, but he was ready. He also knew that George was more than willing to get married to him with all the aside comments he made about others. Skeppy proposed to Bad (which he totally accepted), and George immediately began to talk about how much he couldn't wait until he and Dream got engaged.

Dream hummed in response as he wasn't sure what else he could really say to that. I took him another moment before he sat up in bed and stretched out his arms. "I'll make you blueberry pancakes, George. You can go back to sleep and I'll wake you up when they're done."

"I wasn't planning on staying awake," George responded softly as he curled up in bed again. He ripped the blankets away from Dream and wrapped them around himself as he found himself trying to fall asleep once again.

Dream stayed in bed for another moment just to stare at the omega next to him. He wanted to go back to cuddling with him, but made a promise that he would make him pancakes.

He pulled himself out of the bed and stepped towards their closet. They split it so that half was George's clothing and the other half was Dream's. Dream shuffled through his clothes. Most were work clothes, but he still had some other clothes. Why was he even rummaging through his closet? This was where he kept his nicer clothes.

The alpha stepped over to his dresser and shuffled through the drawers until he pulled out a pair of jeans and one of his shirts. He tossed them on and looked at himself in the mirror. He looked fine for a day that the pair were going to spend in the house.

When he finished, he exited their room and closed the door softly so as to not disturb the sleeping omega. Dream stepped down the stairs and into their kitchen. When he got in there, he looked at the time. 8:57- yeah, he was right. His sleep schedule changed to fit around his work schedule. When George and Dream were first fresh adults, they stayed up pretty late together. Unfortunately, Dream's current job changed things.

He wasn't really the best cook, so he didn't spend a lot of time here. Whenever the pair got hungry, George would either make something or they'd order out. Dream did make stuff sometimes like how he was doing now.

It took opening a few different cabinets before Dream finally found the pancake mix. They must've bought it last time they went grocery shopping together. Speaking of such, they probably had enough food in the house to last them a few days worth of meals. That should be good as they could order out a few days and then go grocery shopping after George's heat. It was always a terrible idea to go grocery shopping right before his heats.

The mix was a simple one. Mix the contents of the bag in with some water and milk. George probably didn't trust him to make homemade pancakes. Dream... didn't blame him. The alpha once almost burnt down their last place, an apartment, when he was making them chicken. George almost banned him from the kitchen entirely after that.

He hummed as grabbed a pan and turned on the stove. They didn't have a pancake maker or anything, so it was the old fashioned way. He tossed everything into a large bowl and mixed it together. When it was thin and liquidy like it should be, Dream poured some into the pan and watched the first pancake begin to sizzle. He waited around for a bit, humming a tune aloud, before he flipped the pancake over. Thankfully, he turned it over in time as the pancake was a nice golden brown color.

Dream repeated this about five times after the first pancake. He made six not knowing how many George would eat and how many he would eat. He stacked three on one plate and three on the other. If George didn't eat all of his, Dream could just take whatever was left off his boyfriend's plate and put it onto his.

He set the two plates down on their dining table. He felt like he was missing something... Oh,

right. He grabbed the syrup from their cabinet and placed it onto the table as well. Butter? Hmmm... Dream went out of his way to get butter as well. He almost went to get fresh fruit from the fridge as well but stopped himself. What was he doing? God, George probably wouldn't even eat the fruit if he brought it out.

He glanced at the clock as he wondered what time it was. 9:40. Time to wake George up and eat breakfast with him. Hopefully he would wake up without much force. Dream certainly didn't want to struggle with George for a bit before he actually woke up. George never liked waking up early and Dream certainly didn't blame him. Dream used to be exactly the same.

He opened the door to their room and peaked his head inside. George had done what he said he would and most likely fell asleep promptly after the alpha left the room. Dream stepped carefully around the room until he stood next to the omega in bed. He couldn't help but smile as he stared at the small boy sleeping soundly.

Dream sat down on the bed and began to stroke his hair softly. George almost immediately began to purr from the alpha's touch. Dream could feel himself melt as he listened to the omega's purrs softly emit from his throat. He leaned over and began to plant soft kisses all over George's face.

"It's time to wake up, Georgie," Dream purred as he pulled away and stared down at him. He couldn't help himself as he wondered what the omega might've been dreaming about. Whatever it was, it was probably something good... and probably involved Dream.

"Mmmm, I don't want to," George grunted as he twisted around in his spot. His arms flailed wildly as he tried to get Dream closer to him- probably to cuddle. He always wanted to cuddle... except in his heat. That was when he wanted to do so much more than just cuddle.

Dream immediately stood up to not allow the omega any grasp on him. "No, you're not allowed to cuddle unless you wake up," Dream teased as he stood a mere foot away from the bed. He didn't want to go any further away as he still wanted to be close to George as well.

"I hate you so much, Dream," George sighed as he pushed himself up in the bed. When he was properly sitting, he reached his arms up and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes.

"That's such a big lie," Dream smiled as he brought himself back onto the bed with George. He nuzzled him carefully for a moment before pulling away. "I made blueberry pancakes like you wanted."

George stretched out his arms for a moment before glancing at Dream. He shook himself for a moment before he pulled himself out of bed. "Why didn't you just say that instead? C'mon, I'm hungry." Dream smiled as the omega led the way back downstairs and to the dining table. He loved domestic homelife... especially with George.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I was bullied into posting this by my discord server

“So what’re you coding for this project?” Dream asked as he pointed at one of them on his screen. George turned around in his chair to look at what his lover was pointing at. They were working on George’s projects together to get them finished before his heat. George always liked to finish them a few days before his preheat actually started so that he had free time to spend cuddling with Dream.

Was Dream supposed to be helping him? No. His company didn’t really want him to work on projects that weren’t personal or related to the company, but they didn’t need to know any of this. George was a freelance programmer, and everything that was published with the projects went under George’s name. When they got married, George would probably have to be more careful or use his ‘maiden’ name when working.

Mmm... marriage. George couldn’t help whenever the idea crossed his mind. He wanted to be happily wed with Dream. They could spend the rest of their lives together happily while being seen in the eyes of the law as married. God- he would love for that day to happen. Maybe his desires weren’t so hidden as he gushed to Dream how much he wanted to get married when he found out Bad and Skeppy were engaged. George didn’t mean to spill it, but he did. It was kind of a deep seeded dream of his to get married to Dream and carry his pups. Oh- he couldn’t wait for that day.

“George?” Dream asked, concern wavering within his voice. Oh no, he must’ve zoned out. The omega shook his head slightly to bring himself back before focusing on Dream. The alpha was pointing at his one project and George answered him quickly. How long was he staring off for? He hoped it wasn’t too long.

They had breakfast earlier- Dream made pancakes. They were just the mix that George bought last time they were grocery shopping, but they still tasted good. Dream was getting better in the kitchen compared to when they were living in an apartment together. After breakfast, they moved to their office where they began to work together.

“I hope you don’t mind if I go out with Sapnap and Skeppy tomorrow,” Dream spoke while looking at George. His mind clearly wasn’t on the projects as he watched his partner carefully.

“Huh? Oh, sure. I don’t really mind,” George responded with a small smile before he went back to coding. What would they all do together? Three alphas all alone... George’s mind began to wander for a second before he shook his head. All three of them were very loyal- and one of them was engaged! God, George was an idiot for even the idea to cross his mind. “Maybe I could get Bad and Karl together while you guys are out. I’m sure they’d be up for that.”

“Really?” Dream asked, his eyes wide as he tried to get George’s attention once again. “I hoped you wouldn’t mind me going out on the weekend. I know it’s hard when I spend so much time away from you, but I need to meet up with them.”

Need? What was with the word choice? What was he going to do tomorrow with the other three

alphas? It was probably nothing. They weren't going to do anything much, it was probably just spending some time with his buddies. His mind began to spin once again as he nodded to Dream. He didn't mind that he was spending the day away. It would be fine. George went back to typing up his projects. After a moment, Dream, too, began to work as well.

They worked for about an hour together before George pulled away. He needed a bit of a break. He pulled his phone out and scanned through his contacts before he spotted Bad's name. He clicked it and sent him a quick text about hanging out tomorrow. He made sure to do the same for Karl as well.

Bad responded almost immediately with 'I'm in :)' after George sent the text. He must've been on the phone as George texted him. Bad was a teacher, so he, like Dream, got the weekends off. George couldn't really remember what Karl did as a job off the top of his head. What he did know was that either he or Sapnap had a job that required them to live in the city.

He took a deep breath before he went back to working. They worked for another hour before they stopped. Dream took a break in that time as well before going back to work. On top of that, Karl also got back to George. His response was a simple 'sure' along with a smiley face emoji. That was the difference between Karl and Bad. Karl used emojis while Bad used emoticons.

The reason they stopped after another hour was because it was lunch time. Well, the clock read about twelve, and that was when the pair considered it lunch. George certainly didn't feel that hungry as he had a large breakfast earlier. Three pancakes was certainly a lot for the omega (not that he really ate three, he ate two and a half while Dream ate the other half). Dream, apparently, didn't either as they stared at one another.

"What if we skipped lunch and just ate a huge dinner?" George asked, turning his chair to look at Dream. George was very glad that they decided to buy rolling chairs instead of basic chairs. They were more comfortable and fun, honestly. The alpha did the same as he stared down the smaller boy.

"I don't think we have enough groceries to make a huge dinner," Dream responded with a frown. He would know that since he was probably rummaging through all of their cabinets earlier to find the pancake mix.

"We don't have to make anything. We could go out to eat and order a bunch of things off the menu," George smiled. He continued after a moment, "I found a diner when I was looking up takeout food the other day. It looked delicious and I wanted to go out to it with you."

"Are you asking me on a date, George?" Dream purred as he brought himself up to George's face. George nodded softly in response which caused the alpha to press his lips against the omega's. He felt himself grow warm and fuzzy inside as he felt the warmth of the alpha against himself. Dream pulled away and answered, "I'd love to go on a date."

"Then it's a date," George purred in response as he pressed his nose against Dream's nose. He loved being close to him. The omega wanted to sit on his lap like they used to when doing homework in college, but he couldn't. He needed to get as much work done as he could- especially since he was going to spend the day out with Karl and Bad.

And back to work they went. George made sure to spend as much time as he could working on all of his projects equally during the time, but he still tended to get into minor ruts occasionally and move onto another one. He also made sure to check out what Dream was writing and fix any mistakes he made. It wasn't that he was bad at coding, he just had a tendency to make small mistakes from time to time.

In this time, they managed to also complete another one of George's projects. As soon as it was complete (and checked to see if it was working), he sent it off to his client for approval. He hoped that they would be alright with it. He would hate if they said they wanted something fixed before the end of the week.

"If they don't like it, it's their fault. You coded exactly what they wanted," Dream responded to George when he voiced out his worries. "You should have a no returns policy."

"Dream," George sighed, clearly exacerbated since this conversation has occurred before. "We've talked about this. If I included a no returns policy, I wouldn't get as much business. I need to refund people if my heat comes early and cannot complete their orders in time or if they don't like my work."

"And they should understand basic facts about biology," Dream huffed from his seat. George could see his arms crossed from his position sitting beside him. "It's not your fault if your schedule shifts."

"And it's not their fault if my heat schedule shifts. They want their orders before a certain date, and I always complete them before then. If I don't, I refund them," George explained. He didn't understand why this even bothered the alpha that much. It wasn't like he spent all of his time refunding projects that were late or that they didn't like.

Dream grumbled something in response before he went back to working. George hummed and continued with his work as well. They discussed this way too often, and it always frustrated George every time Dream brought it up. He explained the same things every single time. Thankfully, they never really argued much past this.

George looked at the clock and noticed that it was almost five. They must've been working hard for a good few hours. Good, the omega was feeling rather hungry. He glanced at his two remaining projects before closing his laptop and pushing his chair towards Dream. He loved to do this when he finished working.

"You hungry, babe?" He asked while running his fingers down Dream's arm carefully. He felt the alpha shiver under his touch.

Dream chuckled before responding, "Hungry for you or for dinner?" George felt his face flush for a moment as Dream began to wheeze out laughter. It took a minute before he even began to speak again. "I know what you meant, George. Yeah, I'm hungry."

"I hate you so much," George huffed as he smacked the alpha's arm. He was so annoying sometimes- but not in a bad way. George loved whenever he acted like this, even if he pretended that he didn't.

"And I love you too," Dream retorted with a smile.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

My discord is truly popping today, lemme be honest

Dream scanned the menu, his gaze drifting up and down the entirety of the thing to get a feel for what he wanted. His eyes kept drifting over to the various burgers that the place held. He wondered how much it would cost to maybe order two of those- one for here and probably one for home... unless he was just that hungry.

His stomach rumbled loudly as it declared how much it wanted something inside of it. The delicious looking pictures on the menu certainly weren't helping his case. Of course, the beautiful omega sitting across from him wasn't helping, either. Both made his insides twist- one in hunger and the other in joy. Or maybe that was lust. The alpha wasn't entirely sure.

When he decided on what he wanted to eat, the alpha decided not to set his menu down. Why? He was too busy staring at George while he decided what he wanted to eat. His small features on his beautiful face made Dream's inside fill with warmth as he remembered that this boy was his. God- he wanted him to be his forever.

The way the omega's face scrunched up as he seemed to heavily debate between two different things on the menu. His thoughts were clearly weighing which one would be the better option of the two despite probably being rather close in reality. Dream couldn't help the dopey grin that crossed his face as he looked at the smaller boy in amusement and love.

George set down his menu and looked up at Dream. The alpha didn't try to hide that he was staring at all- which George certainly didn't seem to mind. He did it a lot- both of them knew that.

"Which type of milkshake?" He asked, pointing down at the menu. That was what he was debating about? He thought maybe he was arguing with himself over which main course he should eat, not which flavor of milkshake seemed the best.

Dream chuckled lightly before answering, "Strawberry, obviously." The other two options were chocolate and vanilla. While Dream certainly did love vanilla (obviously, why wouldn't he?), he didn't really think George enjoyed it as much. George had said something similar once, in the past, when they were discussing their own scents and how they felt about them.

George hummed in response as he pulled the menu back up to scan through everything. Despite Dream answering his question, his face moved back to the scrunched expression as he seemed to debate between things, probably the milkshakes, once again.

"It doesn't matter which type of milkshake you get, George. If you really want to, you can order all three. We're not poor, you know," Dream explained as he pulled down George's menu. The omega's eyes drifted upwards as he looked into Dream's eyes with wide, puppy like eyes. He felt his heart explode at the mere cuteness of his boyfriend.

"What would we even do with three milkshakes?" George sighed as he closed his menu and set it down on the table.

“Drink them,” Dream retorted with a playful snort. He couldn’t help the smirk that snuck its way up and onto his face as he stared at his boyfriend.

George almost looked offended. “Wha- you’re so mean to me!” If they weren’t in public, George certainly would’ve been playfully punching the taller man’s body. It was what they did whenever Dream did something (playfully) that George didn’t like.

Tomorrow couldn’t come fast enough, honestly. Dream had decided to spend the day with Sapnap and Skeppy (not that he really wanted to get away from George, of course) because he wanted to get something special for George. He needed advice from them, but mainly from Skeppy. He was the only one out of them that had-

“Earth to Dream,” George huffed while snapping his fingers in front of the alpha’s face. Dream’s eyes widened as he shook his head briefly. How long was he just sitting there just staring at the omega across from him.

He sighed and apologized, “Sorry, sorry. My mind seems to be elsewhere.” He didn’t mean to get distracted from their date- he was just interested in making sure he got the perfect thing for George. It was the only thing on his mind for the past few days, honestly, as he was wondering what the best ways to accomplish his goals would be.

“Are you alright, Dream? You’re never really this spacy,” George looked genuinely concerned towards the alpha. He reached his hand out across the table to hold onto the alpha’s hand gently. When Dream’s fingers were fully wrapped around the alpha’s, he squeezed his hand gently. Dream smiled faintly.

“I’m fine, George,” Dream answered with a small sigh before smiling again. “Just distracted, I guess.” He swallowed briefly, wondering what he could say to make up for why he was distracted. He couldn’t just tell George why he was distracted- that would ruin the whole surprise. “We just have a big project coming in this week at work. I should get in as much work as I can before you go into heat,” He lied through his teeth, hoping that George wasn’t able to detect the deception.

George gave him a small look before he nodded. Dream could feel himself want to release a big breath of relief, but he knew that would just blow his cover. On top of this, he wasn’t even entirely sure that George even believed him. The omega knew him rather well since they had been living together for several years at this point (and spent a lot of time very intimate with one another).

The waitress walked up to their table. She had a very fake smile plastered on her face while she was smoothing down the generic, blue diner apron dress that all of these old-fashioned restaurants seemed to love. She was visibly a teenager and also clearly uncomfortable in the uniform. Dream didn’t blame her as it seemed to look like it was made of rather cheap fabric.

“What would you two gentlemen like to drink this evening?” She asked, her eyes squeezed while she forced a rather large fake smile. God- Dream felt rather bad for her. This was probably one of the few places in the area that actually hired around this time.

“Can I get a cola?” Dream asked, smiling as he looked at the teenage girl beside him. She nodded and wrote it down onto a small notepad.

When she finished writing down what Dream wanted, she glanced up at the alpha once again. She smiled as she waited for Dream to say something else. What was she doing? George was ordering now, not the alpha. George answered, “Lemon water, please.” She turns her head, nods, and writes that down on her notepad as well. George pauses for a moment before speaking up again, “And a strawberry milkshake.”

She writes that down quickly as well. "I can see that you two are also done with your menus. Would you like to order your food as well?" She asked, her smile faltering for a moment before she forced it back into place. Dream briefly wondered if she was supposed to wear a smile the entire time or else she would get fired. How horrible would that be? He felt rather bad for her.

Dream nodded before speaking, "Yeah, I'd like a burger with cheese. Well, two of those, but one to go." The waitress seemed to falter once again for a moment before writing that down. From her scent, she was very clearly a beta. She probably didn't understand how someone would eat that much.

When Dream didn't give George's meal as well, she turned to George. She opened her mouth while looking down at George in the booth, "And what would you like... sir?" It took her a moment before she said the word 'sir.' It almost seemed like she didn't really believe in calling him that. He didn't notice this before, but she seemed to almost be speaking down to him. Dream fought back a growl as he watched her stare awkwardly at the omega.

George squirmed in his place. He seemed to realize that he was being judged, but tried not to bring it up. "T-the chicken strips and fries. That's all," George stammered as he tried to avoid her gaze. Dream certainly didn't feel as bad for the female beta anymore with how she was treating his omega.

She nodded, wrote that down, and stepped away. Dream watched her step away with narrowed eyes. How could she act like that? Dream had been debating giving her a rather large tip for how uncomfortable she looked at first. Dream realized that she was probably uncomfortable because she was serving George, not because she was actually anxious about working.

"Calm down, Dream," George muttered as he felt the omega's warm hands slip into his own. The alpha's gaze turned from the waitress to his beloved as all of the anger on his face melted away. He couldn't ever look at George with an angry expression, honestly. It was much too hard of something to do.

"She can't treat you like that, George," Dream huffed in response as he squeezed the omega's hand. "She can't just judge you for being an omega. It's not like we judged her for being a beta." He looked up at the omega and noticed how his face scrunched up in pain from how tightly he was squeezing his hand. His eyes widened as he let go of the omega's hand, "Oh fuck, I'm so sorry."

George smiled weakly as he pulled his hand away and shook it lightly. "Dream, I get this all the time," George spoke quietly as he brought his other hand across the table. Dream eyed it with caution before lacing his fingers together with his gently while attempting not to squeeze again. "You do this every time this happens, my love," George murmured quietly while he Dream's hand a momentary squeeze.

"It shouldn't happen at all," Dream sighed as he brought the omega's hand up to his cheek. He gently rubbed his knuckles against his cheek, smiling at the warmth of George's hand against his skin. He pulled it away and placed a gentle kiss against his knuckles.

"I know Dream," George responded quietly, his gaze dreamy as he stared at Dream from across the table. George gently runs his thumb against Dream's knuckles to calm him down.

They eased into a gentle silence between them as they stared at one another across the booth. Dream was gentle with his movements as he continued to keep his hands wrapped around George's. Dream kicked his legs out and found George's feet. He smiled as he began to playfully kick the smaller man's feet around.

The waitress, the same one as before, came back with their drinks. The pair broke their hands apart as soon as she returned. Cola, lemon water, and a strawberry milkshake. She set them down in front of them before handing them three straws. Her fake smile was still plastered on her face as she seemed to be avoiding looking at George.

“Can we get another straw?” George piped up, turning his gaze to look up at her. She seemed unnerved by the staring from George, but complied by tossing another straw onto the table before walking away to one of her other customers.

“What did you need another straw for?” Dream asked as he watched the waitress walk away again. He didn’t hold the same contempt as earlier, but he clearly didn’t care for her that much. It took a moment before he shifted his gaze over to his boyfriend and watched his movements carefully.

“This,” George hummed as he unwrapped two straws. He placed two into his strawberry milkshake- one facing him and the other facing Dream. “I thought we could share, you know? Do the cute date shit that we really didn’t do much in college.”

Dream smiled and nodded. When they were in college, they spent a lot of their time either cuddling or fucking. They didn’t really leave their dorm that much aside for classes since they had so much work to do. It was easier just hanging out in their dorm and working on homework instead of going out to dinner.

George pushed the milkshake towards the middle of their table so that they could both reach it more easily. The omega leaned forward and took a sip from the bright pink colored drink now pleasantly placed as the centerpiece of the table.

A devious smile crossed his face while he stared at George. He placed his face on his arm while his elbow rested on the table. “You know what else your lips would look beautiful wrapped around?” Dream purred softly while watching him drink the pink drink from the straw.

George coughed aggressively as he seemed to get the drink down the wrong tube. Dream perked up as he realized that his omega might be choking. He stopped when the omega began to talk and, subsequently, yelled at him. “Dream,” he said between coughs, “what the fuck? We’re in public.”

Dream hummed in response as he reached across the table to wrap his hand around George’s once again. George, despite being upset at Dream’s actions, wrapped his hand around his as well.

George sighed with a smile. His voice dripped with affection as he said, “You’re an idiot.” He sighed with a smile as he gently squeezed Dream’s hand again. Whenever they couldn’t talk that publicly about their feelings, they squeezed their hands instead to show that they cared. “My idiot, though.”

“And I will always be your idiot, George,” Dream smiled before leaning over and taking a drink from the smoothie as well. It tasted sweet- just like George.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

I was gonna post this tomorrow, but today works as well

Still no schedule yet, I just got out of a writer's rut, y'know

Dream was lying earlier. He knew it as soon as he saw the minor twitch in his eye as he talked about his big project distracting him. What was he lying about? So many possibilities went through his head as Dream drove them home after they finished eating at the diner. He was happily humming along to the song playing on the radio as George stared blankly out the window. He didn't want to show how he was feeling.

Something else was clearly distracting him. It was during these times that George wished that he could read his thoughts. Some omegas online talked about how they felt like they knew exactly what their alphas were thinking after they were bonded. George certainly believed that they were all lying, but he... still had a deep seated wonder if it was maybe possibly true.

George wondered if it was something related to tomorrow. He seemed to be excited to hang out with his alpha friends tomorrow. He also got occasional texts on his phone throughout their date. George peered at them and noticed that they were from the other two alphas- Sapnap and Skeppy. Dream said they were just talking about their plans for tomorrow before he hid his phone away.

He knew that Dream wouldn't be doing anything that bad tomorrow, right? Yeah, it was just him and all of his alpha friends hanging out together. Three alphas all alone together doing who knows what.

Stop. They were three alphas in committed relationships. George shook his head. Dream would never do anything to George- nothing like what he was even thinking about. How could such vile things cross his mind?

"You ok, George?" Dream asked, turning down the music. George didn't realize how loud it was until he was brought away from his thoughts by the alpha. He turned to look over at his partner and stare into his beautiful green eyes (well, he was told they were green).

"I'm fine," he lied, placing his hands into his lap. He was wearing jeans- something that he didn't really do that often. He spent a lot of his time either in a skirt or in pajamas. He only really wore pants whenever they went to someplace as George was still nervous about being seen in a more feminine outfit. He probably would've been judged by the waitress more if he was.

"You're lying through your teeth, George," Dream sighed, his voice soft as he moved one of his hands from the steering wheel to grab George's hand softly. George couldn't help himself as he squeezed his hand gently. The scent of pine and citrus flooded the car as Dream's soothing scent took over. George could feel himself melt at the smell.

Even without being bonded (which, again, George didn't entirely believe), they could see through one another's lies as though they were made out of glass. Both of them were pretty bad liars, huh? Maybe that was just because they spent all of their time together and could see the genuine

moments coming from one another.

He fidgeted in his seat. While he knew he should, he definitely didn't want to share his worries about tomorrow. Dream was an independent person- George didn't need to spend all his time worried about him. He certainly didn't want his boyfriend to know what he thought he could be doing. He swallowed as he tried to cover up for his previous lie.

"I-I keep thinking about the waitress," George responded. This wasn't a lie, per say, but it certainly wasn't what he was actively thinking about. It was one of the things plaguing his mind, but not the biggest one. Hopefully that was enough of the truth to have Dream not bug him about lying.

"Me too," came the soft reply from the alpha beside him. His hand squeezed gently once again as Dream tried to comfort him while focusing on the road. The scent of comfort began to prick with frustration and some aggression. "Do you want to talk about it?" He asked softly, his eyes turning to George, his expression soft, before they turned back to the road he was driving on.

George sighed, "It's not like I'm not used to being stared at, you know. Male omegas aren't common. I got it a lot back when I first presented and all throughout high school. You were around during college, so the staring wasn't as obvious anymore." He shook his head while squeezing Dream's hand tightly as though it was his only lifeline.

"I'm sorry, George," he responded quietly so as to not interrupt George's train of thought. God- he loved this man so much. He was so soft and caring all the time while maintaining an air of protectiveness that made George feel so loved.

"Most people only really see male omegas in porn," George chuckled and turned his face away. He could feel the tears build up behind his eyes as he continued to talk. Thinking about it really bothered him, so he tried not to talk about it too much. "I'm sexualized as soon as someone sees me. I'm not considered a person to some people- remember those alphas from college?"

"Yeah I do. You were the first male omega that I met," Dream responded softly. Pine and citrus within the small space almost immediately shifted to a more apologetic scent.

George chuckled, "I could tell. When you saw me in class the first time, you never stopped staring at me. I was actually kind of scared at first before you messed up saying your own name when you introduced yourself to me. After we actually met the first time, you were so gentle around me. It was almost like you were afraid that you would break me like I was an expensive antique."

"I thought you were pretty. You can't say that I should just ignore how attractive you are," Dream laughed in response to the first bit. He continued to listen before responding, "I've always been pretty gentle around omegas. My mother is one, and I learned from her how to treat omegas properly. I didn't need that omega awareness class in college when my mother was already the best teacher."

"Your mother is amazing," George smiled lightly. "I wish all mothers, or parents in general, would teach their children about that- especially the alphas. You turned out pretty good. I hope you teach our kids the same things that your mother did, including if we have any alphas."

Dream sputtered out some random noises while squeezing George's hand tightly. His gaze turned over to the alpha, only to notice that his other hand was also tightly squeezing the steering wheel. His scent within the air grew embarrassed yet very joyous- a mixture that made George feel like he was walking on clouds. George could only giggle in response as he watched his alpha's face grow a rather pretty shade of pink in response.

It wasn't like they never talked about having pups before, but the possibility was more available now. They had a solid relationship with one another, they had stable jobs, and they owned a three bedroom home. If they wanted to, they could easily support having a pup now compared to a few years ago. The only thing they'd need to do was have George stop taking his birth control.

There was another tight squeeze of his hand as Dream spoke once again. "I promise I will, Georgie." He felt the butterflies flutter around inside his stomach at the promise. God- he still felt like they were at the beginning of their relationship with how sweet the alpha was around him. When they got together in college, he couldn't help but whisper so many sweet words into his ears whenever they were together.

It didn't take much longer until they returned home. Dream parked the car on the road before the pair entered the house together. Dream unlocked their door and allowed the omega to step in before following behind him. George turned around to Dream with a smile on his face.

"Dream~" He purred as he laced his fingers with Dream's after he closed the door behind. George smiled up at him as he stared longingly into his eyes. God- he missed their college days whenever they spent almost every waking (and sleeping) moment together with one another.

"Is this a 'I want to cuddle' Dream or a 'I want to fuck' Dream?" Dream responded as he leaned forward and placed some kisses on his forehead. If it was the first option, the kisses would stay around his face. If it was the second option, the kisses would certainly move their way southward down the smaller man's body.

"How about we find out in the bedroom?" George purred in response as he began to walk backwards awkwardly. He knew the layout of the house, but it was difficult to really walk around whenever he was walking backwards. Thankfully, that didn't last long as the alpha wrapped his arms around the omega's body and hoisted him up against him.

"The way you said that seems to lean more towards the latter," Dream smirked before he pressed a kiss against George's mouth. He was strong in the movement, but waited for George to open his mouth before he pushed his tongue into his mouth. He tasted like his dinner from earlier along with some sweetness from the milkshake they shared earlier.

"Would it disappoint you if it was?" George smiled as he moved his lips down and began to press kisses against the alpha's throat. He could feel the rumbling of purrs against his lips as he continued to press kisses against him. He pulled away for a moment before pushing forward and biting down on his throat gently.

He continued to bite and suck on the skin around his throat. It probably had something to do with his thoughts from earlier. He was very worried about Dream doing something with the other alphas tomorrow, so he felt inclined to mark him as his own. This was his own way of marking his alpha. It wasn't as permanent as Dream actually marking George, but it would last for as long as he needed.

"Hickeys, huh?" Dream purred as he lifted his head up. The alpha wanted to give the omega more room to mark him up apparently. George certainly loved this so much more than anything else he could've done.

"Mhm," George responded while not pulling his lips away from the alpha. He wanted to keep himself pressed up against the alpha's skin the entire time while feeling the warmth of him against his soft lips. Dream's hands managed to find their way underneath his shirt and began to gently run up and down his spine, sending shivers down his back.

Dream smiled while he lifted the omega up again. George automatically wrapped his legs around the alpha's waist as he was wrapped up in the alpha's arms. Dream tilted his head down and pressed his lips against George's when he stopped making various hickeys against his neck and barely visible shoulder blades. Those would look beautiful tomorrow before they left.

They walked towards their bedroom (which was on the second floor- it was rather difficult for the alpha to carry him up, but they managed) before Dream placed the omega down on the bed. Dream smirked as he crawled his way on top of George to pin him down. George reached up and grabbed the alpha's shirt before pulling him down against him on the bed and pressing kisses against his lips.

"Eager, aren't you," Dream purred between kisses. George could feel the alpha bite down on his lips occasionally between their makeout sessions. He knew that his lips would certainly be colored bright red from the damage from the alpha. That was Dream's thing, wasn't it? He loved to see the red of George's lips after they aggressively made out with one another.

"Just shut up and kiss me," George huffed while rolling his eyes. He didn't care at all- he just wanted to makeout with his boyfriend. Well, he also wanted to get fucked so hard that he can't remember his name, but that came after the kissing.

"Gladly," Dream smirked before pulling away from the omega he was pinning against the bed. He stripped his shirt off and tossed it across the room before placing more kisses against his lips. George felt a loud purr rise within him as he realized that there was now more skin for him to mark up.

Between kisses and hickeys, George's shirt was similarly removed and tossed across the room without a second thought. The omega couldn't help himself as he began to rub his clothed groin against the alpha's own clothed groin.

Shortly after they continued to remove clothing piece by piece. The next article of clothing to be removed from the pair was their pants. George was wearing panties, like he normally did. After he got together with Dream, it was honestly all he wore. He opted for the much more practical ones, but did have a few lacy pairs as well. The practical ones (like the pair he was currently wearing) held his dick in better. He also certainly had a hardon that could be seen.

It wasn't that much of a stretch to say that the tent within Dream's boxers was visible. It was more than just visible- George wondered how it was honestly even staying within them. Nine and some inches, huh? It was easier for the omega to handle it now compared to back in college. He could still remember how, after they shared George's heat, George couldn't walk for almost two days straight without assistance.

"Seems we're not cuddling," Dream grunted with a small smirk as he pulled away from George. His neck and collar were covered in red marks that would certainly fade into a nice shade of purple come tomorrow. Now, anyone who looked at Dream would know that he was taken- especially by a territorial omega apparently.

"Apparently not," George responded with an equal smirk crossing his face. The omega squirmed underneath Dream as he shimmed his panties down his legs and off of himself. He tossed them away before he brought his legs up and placed them on the alpha's shoulders.

It took only a second before the alpha joined him in sheer nakedness as he tossed his boxers away. Without the cloth in the way, his full length was visible and erect for the omega to dreamily stare at. Despite seeing this sight from Dream over the past few years, he still gawked every time he got to visualize it once again.

George could feel some of the slick that had previously been filling his hole leak out of himself. It wasn't a lot, like it would be during his heat, but it certainly helped Dream fuck him better. Omegas always produced slick whenever they were turned on- and George was certainly turned on. Honestly, just seeing Dream's dick was enough for him to pop a boner half the time.

Dream bit his lip as he noticed the slight dripping coming from George. He didn't have much control over whether or not the liquid slipped its way outside of him. The omega knew that he was in the prime position to be fucked by Dream, so he played along and bucked his hips a bit.

"Teasing me, George?" Dream remarked before the omega felt his hands trace their way around his thighs. It took a moment before he slipped into the omega with one finger. At this, George squealed quietly. He knew it was coming, but the first finger always got to him for some reason.

"I might be," George teased in response. He couldn't help himself- he loved to mess with Dream whenever they played around in the bedroom. Dream hummed a response as he fished around with his finger. This was followed by a second, scissoring motions, a third, scissoring motions, a fourth, and finally some more scissoring motions.

It felt all too soon when the alpha removed his fingers. As tradition, the alpha brought his hand up to his mouth and licked each of his fingers clean. George shivered at this motion. Something about it was so sensual to the omega that it sparked warmth within him. He knew that Dream liked the taste, or else he wouldn't do this almost every time they fucked.

George knew he was fidgeting around as he watched the alpha. He loved watching him enjoy the slick that covered his fingers, but his body always wanted more whenever it happened. It certainly didn't help with how exaggerated the movements Dream did as he sucked and licked his fingers. God, the smile on his face made George think that the alpha knew exactly what he was doing.

"You're so beautiful," Dream sighed happily as he finished the slick. He did this whenever they were in heat too (or so he believed- something about the movement was familiar the first time they had sex out of George's heat), so he was probably used to much more during that time. George was probably much more annoyed with the movement when he was in heat.

"You say that every time, Dream," George sighed in response as he reached up for Dream's neck. He couldn't help himself as his fingers grazed the alpha's blond locks and finally tightened in place around them as the alpha pushed the tip of his dick inside of the omega. George couldn't help as a small moan escaped his lips.

"That's because it's true every time," Dream responded with a purr as he slowly pushed himself deeper into George. George loved the feeling of Dream's dick inside of him- the warmth of the alpha was always so nice against his flesh. "And you take me so well, Georgie."

Instead of responding again, George moaned. That was enough of a response, the omega thought as he tightened his hands on Dream's hair. He couldn't help himself as he pulled on his hair whenever he felt stimulated. Dream never really seemed to mind as he did this almost every time they had sex.

Various noises escaped George as the alpha continued to push himself deeper into the wiggling omega. George couldn't help himself as he squirmed around beneath Dream. He never really did it on purpose, it just pushed its way out of him in response to being entered by Dream. It didn't matter- Dream loved every single thing that exited out of George's mouth whether it be planned or not.

"So pretty. So, so pretty and tight for me," Dream continued to purr aloud as he watched George

beneath him. His hands were placed nicely against the omega's hips as he continued his way into George. A side effect of Dream's praise kink was that it distracted George enough to stall some of his squirming. "Just for me."

"Mhm, just for you," George responded breathlessly as he felt the alpha bottom out inside of him. Sex got so much easier over the years. When they were in college (and not driven by instincts), it was difficult for George in the beginning. He struggled with Dream's length whenever he wasn't absolutely drenched in slick from heat. They got better at this as they continued- and were basically experts in fucking each other at this point.

Thank god- George hated how he struggled to walk for a few days after he got rammed by Dream in college. Sappnap made tons of jokes and remarks during those days despite the fact he cared for them. George also remembered some of their classmates and even teachers judging them as George hobbled into class with Dream's loving, affectionate assistance.

Dream's hand moved from his waist to brush against his cheek for a moment. George melted into his hand effortlessly as he felt the alpha against him. Even in the middle of sex, the alpha was still soft. Dream was perfect- caring, affectionate, loving, protective. Everything that an omega wanted in a partner and more, honestly.

The alpha pulled out slowly before sinking himself back into the warm, moist hole that belonged to George. George couldn't help as a wonderful squeal escaped his throat and filled the room. Dream loved listening to the omega's assorted noises, so George always made sure to let them out. Their room might not be soundproof like their college room was, but it was theirs. No one else was around to hear them.

George moaned as he realized that Dream picked up the pace. He could feel the alpha fishing around inside of him for something. He knew exactly what he was searching for in that moment. It wouldn't take him that long until-

"AH~ Dream!" George squealed as Dream grazed his prostate. Between melting into his movements and moans, George managed to snag a look at Dream's face. He had the biggest smile on his face as he watched George turn to mush over his movements. The omega broke down into various mewls and moans as he felt the alpha's dick brush his prostate again and again.

"You like that, baby?" Dream purred as he moved to angle all of his thrusts against that spot. George couldn't say much due to the pure ecstasy that he was running into from the alpha. He just nodded as more noises slipped past his mouth and spiralled around the room. That was enough of a response for the alpha, it seemed.

George could feel the warmth within his belly bubble up as he grew closer. He pushed it down as he waited for the sign from Dream. They got really good at synchronizing their orgasms together with one another. And it seemed like Dream was also close with the grunts that seemed to stem from deep inside of his throat. His speed also increased as he thrust into George repeatedly.

"D-Dream," George moaned out as a way to signal Dream that he was close. He wanted a response from the alpha before he allowed himself to do anything more. George could feel his own dick twitch as it begged to release. The sperm he released wasn't fertile, but it always felt good as hell to let it out.

"Go ahead," Dream grunted as he continued to thrust against his prostate aggressively. The alpha's hands were wrapped tightly around his waist and would probably leave bruises from how hard he was grabbing onto him. George certainly didn't mind.

At that, George allowed himself to freely release without holding himself back. A loud moan escaped from his throat as he finally allowed his semen to leak out from his dick. He felt like he was seeing stars. A moment later, Dream joined him with a low growl as George felt himself filled with Dream's warm seed while Dream's knot inflated. Both were panting heavily as they enjoyed their highs and finally rode off of them.

"I'm so full, Dream. So filled with your seed," George purred as he wrapped his hands around the alpha's neck. Dream smiled as he leaned down and placed some kisses all over the omega's face. It didn't matter that the omega wasn't in heat, he still had a very strong breeding kink in reality. Dream found that out the first time they had sex outside of George's heat back in college. "We'd make beautiful pups," he continued, a small smile on his face.

"We would," Dream purred in response as he gently nuzzled against the omega's neck. He was careful in his movements so as to not dislodge himself. George fidgeted around once after Dream's knot inflated and it slipped out. To be honest, that hurt like hell and Dream had to push himself back into the omega. George did not want to repeat that again. Another paused before he spoke, "We will. We definitely will have beautiful pups."

That made George feel warm inside (no, not just from Dream's sperm inside of him). He loved whenever the alpha brought up their pups. George wanted to have pups with Dream very badly, but they were waiting until they were married... or at the very least, engaged. Dream was waiting to mark George until they were properly engaged to one another as well. George was already judged for being a male omega- imagine how much he would be judged if he wasn't marked but was pregnant.

Those thoughts subsided as he stared up into Dream's loving eyes above him. The alpha's hands fluttered their way around George's body and touched every inch of skin he had. George felt loved and appreciated. God- he loved everything Dream did. He loved Dream.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

I appear, drop a chapter, and disappear again. this is my life :)

Dream took the car the next day. They only had one car, so Dream decided to take it. He discussed it with the others, so he was going to pick up Skeppy and then meet up with Sapnap in the city. George was going to do something similar, except Bad was going to pick him up.

He currently sat in the driveway of Skeppy and Bad's house waiting for the alpha to come out. He texted him that he was there about five minutes ago at this point. What the hell was taking him so long? He better not be screwing Bad. If he was, Skeppy should've told him. Dream would've stayed at home with George a little longer and possibly do the same to him.

The alpha flipped down the sun blocker on the roof of his car and brought the mirror out. His neck was littered in various different purple marks and some bites as George was rather aggressive in their makeout session last night. Would it really be a makeout session if all George did was suck on his neck before demanding to be fucked? Whatever it was called, Dream certainly didn't mind. He sighed and flipped the thing back up.

At this, the alpha stepped out of the front door. Bad was holding hands with them as they walked out. Skeppy leaned down, pressed a kiss on Bad's forehead, and stepped towards Dream's car. Bad smiled and waved at the alpha before he stepped towards the other car parked in the driveway.

The door opened and shut in a moment as the darker skinned alpha joined him in the car. The scent of coffee was overwhelming as it came off of him. Dream missed the scent of vanilla that usually filled that spot more and more by the second.

"What took you so long?" Dream huffed, pulling the car into reverse and driving away from the house in the suburbs.

"Bad wanted to know what we were going to do today," Skeppy responded, a small smirk on his face. He waved his hand as if to brush off Dream.

"Did you tell him?" Dream asked, feeling like it was almost like pulling teeth. Skeppy was kind of annoying sometimes, but he was still nice to hang around with. He was also the only one with experience in the field that he needed right now.

"Of course I did," Skeppy laughed. He shook his head briefly before responding, "I can't just not tell my fiance where I'm going and what I'm doing. He wanted to know, so I told him."

Dream sighed as his hands tightened around the steering wheel slightly. He shook his head before talking, "He's going to hang out with George today. I-I don't want him to spill what we're doing to him. I want this to be a surprise, you know?"

"It will be, Dream," Skeppy sighed before placing a hand on the alpha's shoulder. He smiled lightly before continuing, "Bad held his tongue for months when he knew that both you and George were in love with one another. He can certainly hold his tongue for an afternoon about you

going ring shopping.”

Dream sighed as he felt a weight lift from his back. He wanted to surprise George with the engagement ring, not have it spoiled by someone else in on the secret. Thank god it was Bad- anyone else would’ve easily slipped it by accident. He was specifically thinking about Sapnap.

It didn’t take long until they were actually inside of the city. The alpha knew exactly where Sapnap lived since he visited him sometimes whenever he got out of work. He only did it whenever George agreed, though, since he knew that the omega was rather clingy since he got home so late and spent the weekdays alone at home. Maybe they should get a cat...

They arrived at the city and pulled up to the apartment complex that held Sapnap and his boyfriend. He reached into his pocket and texted the alpha that he was there. It took only a minute before the back door to his car opened and the new alpha filtered into the back. Sapnap sat directly behind Dream in the driver’s seat. He reached around and playfully ruffled his hair.

“You dirty dog!” Sapnap laughed as he playfully fought the other alpha as best as he could. The others in the car joined in on the laughter since Sapnap’s laugh was always very contagious. Dream couldn’t help as he laughed along. The scents of leather and smoke quickly filled the car and mixed with Dream and Skeppy’s scents of pine, citrus, and coffee. “When Karl finds out, he’s gonna be on my ass about getting engaged.”

“You say that like you don’t wanna be engaged to him,” Skeppy as Sapnap moved back from Dream’s face and against the seats.

Dream could hear the sudden flush in his voice as he responded, “Uh- I’m not saying that. I’d love to get engaged to him, but I don’t really have the funds right now?” He sounded hesitant in his response.

Dream huffed as he pulled the car away from the side of the road where he parked in order to pick up the affectionate pair in the backseat of his car. “I thought we were discussing my engagement to George. If you guys wanna go engagement ring shopping together, go ahead,” Dream snapped, clearly on edge from the stress of everything.

“Chill out, Dream,” Skeppy responded from the front seat. He could feel the other alpha’s eyes on him. “I bet George was probably up your ass about marriage after I proposed to Bad.”

“Yeah, he kind of was,” Dream sighed as he squeezed the steering wheel. He was used to squeezing George’s hand whenever he was upset, so now he did it whenever he was upset and happened to be holding something.

“And it seems that you were up his ass last night,” Sapnap chuckled as he poked at one of the hickeys littering the alpha’s neck. Dream flinched as the alpha touched the sensitive areas of the skin littering his neck.

“Sapnap! I’m driving!” Dream shouted, trying to keep his focus on the road despite being distracted by the alpha. He swerved slightly before regaining himself and the wheel. Maybe it wasn’t a good idea to take Sapnap along. Sure, Sapnap was his best friend since high school, but it probably could’ve been much better if it was just Skeppy helping him out. He huffed, “Don’t do that.”

The swerving of the car caused the other alpha to pull away and press against his seat. Good. Dream probably would actually hit something if he continued. “Sorry about that,” Sapnap sounded so small as he mumbled that from somewhere behind himself.

"I know you're just messing around, but I can't deal with this today, Sapnap. Just one day of peace," Dream responded as he tightened his grip against the steering wheel again. He couldn't help himself. He missed the warm hands of George against his own palms to calm him during his worries.

"One day," Sapnap repeated. Dream glanced up into his rearview mirror and noticed the shit-eating grin on his closest friend's face. "Okay, one day. I'll just have to be extra the next time we hang out."

"Sure, sure," Dream huffed as he continued to drive. Whatever it took to make Sapnap leave him alone for one day would be perfect. Dream just needed a calm day as he got some of his friends to look for engagement rings for him. The more Dream thought of it, the more he wondered why he ever thought this was a good idea. He should've just invited Bad and Skeppy out.

It didn't take that much longer until they were outside of the jewelry store. There was also another one on the other side of the city, but they would check that one out if Dream didn't see anything. Dream parked the car quickly in one of the two hour maximum parking spots. The others made moves to exit the car, but Dream didn't move for a moment.

"What if I don't find anything?" Dream sighed as he pressed his forehead against the steering wheel. Worry crept its way up and into his belly as he stared at the material of the steering wheel. He couldn't help all these thoughts crawling in his head. "What if George doesn't like the one I pick?"

"You will. Don't worry about that. If we don't find anything in either of these stores, you can always get one online," Skeppy responded. He reached his hand out and gently placed it on Dream's shoulder to comfort him. Dream picked his head off the steering wheel and turned to look into the eyes of the other alpha. "And I bet George will love whatever ring you pick out. It doesn't matter what it looks like, he'll appreciate that it reminded you of him."

"And our two hours of parking are ticking, Dream," Sapnap retorted as he shut the door to the back of Dream's car. Dream chuckled lightly before pushing open the door. Sapnap wasn't going to bother him, but that didn't stop him from being himself. He shook his head as he stepped out of his vehicle and stepped towards the jewelry store.

It was probably an odd sight for the employees. Three alphas entered the store at the same time and immediately went to look at the engagement rings. Honestly, it sounded almost like the intro to a bad joke. What would the punchline to that even be? Dream didn't know.

His gaze scanned the engagement rings carefully. He wanted to get something perfect for George as he deserved the best. Well, he deserved better than the best, honestly. George deserved the whole world and more on top of that.

"Can I see that ring?" Sapnap said beside Dream. The alpha turned up to look at Sapnap pointing at a ridiculous looking ring. The lady behind the desk seemed confused for a moment before nodding softly. Dream knew that they weren't actually interested in it, but, instead, were going to make fun of it. The alpha rolled his eyes playfully before he turned back to looking at the rings on display.

Nothing seemed to be catching his eye as he looked through them. Some were pretty, sure, but nothing stood out. Dream wanted to pick a ring that stood out. Something that spoke George's name loud and clear. He didn't want to just pick any old ring to propose to him. It needed to be special or else it wouldn't feel personal.

"Can I help you?" An employee asked behind the counter from where he was looking at rings. The

sudden speaking from someone he didn't know spooked the alpha for a moment. He glanced up through the glass to look at him before he stood up. He frowned for a moment before turning to the man. The employee, similar to the waitress that George and Dream met before, clearly was wearing the fakest smile around.

"Just looking for an engagement ring," Dream chuckled as he rested his hand gently against the glass that hid away the rings from the grubby hands of anyone who passed by. He felt awkward as he looked at the man across from him. What was he thinking as he looked at Dream? Dream had an idea as he looked at the alpha stare back at him.

"Oooh, what a lucky lady," he purred as he leaned against the glass as well. Dream watched his nose scrunch up for a moment as he scented Dream before he continued to speak, "Vanilla. Matches perfectly with your own scent." Dream could smell him better now that he was closer. He smelled like... well, cologne. He couldn't really place what it was exactly that his scent was. If he had to describe it, he would probably sound just like a men's cologne commercial. Woody-ambery, sweet-earthly, musky odor. His nose twitched for a moment before he continued to talk, "What're you looking for exactly? I imagine a smaller ring for your omega, right?"

"Yeah, he sure is," Dream retorted, watching the man carefully. He wondered what the other alpha would say when he realized that his partner was a man and not a woman like he assumed. There was a slight twitch of his eye before he smiled once again. It almost seemed like this smile was more forced than before. At this, Dream huffed as he grew fed up with this man already. Homophobic, huh? Great, just what he needed right now. "I'm looking for something that'd be perfect for him- but I'm not really sure if I'd like you to help me with this."

The man scoffed before pushing himself right into Dream's face. Dream felt his hand grab his shirt tightly as he brought the tall, blond alpha closer into his face. His eyes were narrowed as he stared directly into Dream's green eyes. Dream couldn't help the low growl that flooded out of his throat. "You don't want me to help you? Is it because you're a little f-"

"What's happening over here?" Skeppy growled, stepping to Dream's side almost immediately. The other alpha, who was previously messing around while looking at an incredibly ugly ring, also joined Dream's side to glare at the obnoxious alpha across the table. Sapnap was similarly growling at him as they realized that Dream was being threatened.

Thank god for all of them. Dream considered them basically his pack- his family away from his biological one. He didn't know what he'd do if he didn't have them around. Despite how upset he was earlier to have them bothering him, he was more than happy to have them here now.

The stranger alpha released Dream's shirt from his grip and stepped back from the counter. The overwhelming pressure of the three alphas against one was probably enough to scare the shit out of the employee. He muttered something under his breath before he turned and walked away quickly to help someone who just entered the store.

The lady that was helping Sapnap earlier stepped towards the three of them. She seemed rather meek as she stepped towards them and Dream could immediately detect why. The omega scent was wafting off her in droves as she seemed to fear for her own safety as she approached them.

"C-can I help you?" She asked, turning to glance at the alpha they scared away before turning back to Dream. She seemed to be choosing to only focus on one alpha instead of all of them since it was probably very scary. If Dream was in a similar situation, he would probably do the same thing. Three visibly angry alphas were certainly a powerful force of nature.

Dream's eyes widened and he apologized quickly to her. "Yeah, yeah. You can help us- or, more

specifically, me,” Dream said quickly, trying to calm her down before they were kicked out of the store for tormenting the employees. To be fair, the first guy was a massive dick and deserved to be tormented.

Noticing the change in Dream’s demeanor, the other two quickly changed their tune and smiled at the smaller girl. Almost immediately, the fear and discomfort melted away from the omega and was visibly changed in the scent. Her scent, lavender, filled the air as she grew calmer. It was certainly much nicer than whatever scent the other alpha gave off before.

“You were looking at engagement rings, right?” She asked, a small mousy smile finding its way on her face as she moved to help Dream out. “You’ve been looking at most of them, honestly. There’s some more over there, but overall, they’re mainly right here.” The omega gestured to a different part of the store before pointing back at the display they were standing around.

Dream nodded and returned to searching. Nothing in the area he was looking at stood out to him like he wanted. He shook his head and stepped off towards the other rings that she informed him about. Skeppy joined him while Sappnap continued to point at the ones over there, visibly making fun of them. The omega also joined him as he made his way across the jewelry store.

He stepped to the new display and looked through the rings once again. Skeppy was by his side making small talk with the omega as he continued to scan through the options available at this store. Every single ring he looked at made him more upset as he realized that he might not be able to find what he was looking for. That was, of course, before he spotted it.

It was exactly what he wanted without him really knowing it. It was a simple silver band, nothing too overwhelming. On top of it, there was a diamond placed in the middle with two sapphires to either side complimenting the diamond. Maybe it was the simplicity of the design or the blue gems associated with the diamond that drew him towards it, but Dream knew that it was perfect.

“That one. The one with the sapphires,” Dream said quickly, his voice thick with several different emotions as he thought about this. It would be the perfect thing to propose to George with. The omega would be able to see the coloration of the gems accenting the diamond in the middle- which made it all the more perfect.

The omega looked up at him, her eyes questioning the emotion, before she dipped down and opened the display. “This one?” She pointed at the one Dream had his eyes on. He nodded quickly before she reached in and pulled out the perfect ring. She handed it to Dream to look at- and, honestly, it looked even better up close. It probably looked ridiculously small within his hands, but it would look amazing on the ring finger of George. He could feel his heart swell as he thought of it.

It was perfect. Dream and the omega employee quickly exchanged some words (and a lot of money) before the ring rightfully belonged to Dream. Dream couldn’t help as he felt the bubbles of happiness within his gut as he handed the ring back to the omega. He told her what size ring George usually wore (a normal question that one would ask their boyfriend, duh) so that she could get the ring resized for his omega.

“Told you,” Skeppy retorted quietly to Dream as she stepped away for a moment. Back to their discussion from when Dream was in the car, huh? Dream rolled his eyes, wondering if Skeppy felt the same way when he found the ring he used to propose to Bad.

It was set in stone. Dream had an engagement ring. He was going to propose to George and they would get married. God- so many emotions were budding within Dream as he stood there with the dumbest smile on his face.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

I've decided that I'm gonna update twice a week until further notice

Wednesdays and Sundays

George hummed along to the song playing from the radio as he sat in the passenger seat of Bad's car. The car smelled deeply like coffee, honey, and sugar all at the same time. George wondered if his own scent of vanilla helped or harmed the mixture. Personally, the omega thought the former rather than the latter.

Bad drove down the road and towards the nearby city. They had a quick lunch together just the two of them before they began on their trip to the city. Bad and George hadn't spent any time together in a long time as they were rather busy now that they were older. It was nice to catch up during lunch.

The bad part about lunch was the fact that Bad was flashing his engagement ring almost every two seconds. He certainly didn't mean to, but the shininess of the diamond in the light brought it to George's attention almost every two seconds. It was a pretty ring- and George was envious. Not over the ring, but over what it signified.

"Did you know that Skeppy was planning on proposing to you?" George asked as the song drifted into an end and ads began to play through the speakers. The vanilla-scented omega reached over and turned the volume down to prevent the ads from interrupting their conversation.

"Hmm, I guess I had a feeling, you know?" Bad responded, glancing over at George before his eyes refocused on the road. George huffed to this- what kind of response was that? Seeming to sense his discomfort in that answer, Bad continued, "He just seemed very secretive. We told each other everything, but it felt like he was hiding something from me. I didn't think it was a proposal, though. I just thought that he might've just been planning some special trip or something."

"I feel that way with Dream right now," George chuckled in response before shaking his head. It wasn't that he didn't believe that Dream was going to propose to him, it was more so that George would probably know if it was happening. He knew Dream way too well for the alpha to be able to get something past him. George jokingly added, "What if he's planning on proposing to me?"

"What if," Bad hummed in response. What a bland response, George thought. He could almost feel his scent sour in the air as he grew upset with the basic response. He wanted something more from Bad, but it seemed that the other omega wasn't really in the mood for talking too much. Bad shook his head before continuing, "Maybe he is? George, I don't know."

"Sorry, sorry," George apologized as he felt himself shrink in his seat. He didn't mean to force a response from the other omega. It took a moment before another song began to play on the radio. George leaned forward and turned the volume up to fill the awkward silence that had previously filled the space.

George hummed along to the song as it played through the speakers. He didn't know the words to

it, but he knew the tune. He heard it occasionally whenever he'd actually listen to the radio instead of one of his music playlists. Wasn't the greatest song, but George liked that it filled the silence.

It didn't take that long until they were in the city. Bad drove up and down the streets- visibly confused as they were looking for Karl's apartment. George certainly looked confused as well. Neither one of them really went to the apartment in the city- Karl usually came over to the suburbs to visit either Bad, George, or both.

"Can you text Karl to just stand outside? All of these streets are confusing," Bad huffed as he turned around the car around the corner to go down another street. Another car pulled around quickly and almost hit the pair. Bad pressed the horn down in response, his eyes growing wide while his face grew red. "Everyone is terrible at driving down here, sheesh."

"Yeah, yeah," George responded and pulled his phone out. He glanced through his texts and found Karl's number. He clicked on it and quickly texted him that they were nearby. He didn't want to say that they were outside as that was a bold faced lie, but he knew they were close enough. "I texted him."

Bad sighed, shaking his head slightly in an attempt to calm himself down more. "Okay, is it this street or the next one?" Bad asked as he pulled up towards a stop. He clearly wanted to know before he had to make another circle to get to Karl's apartment.

Ding. Karl responded with a smiley face to show that he got the text and was probably waiting outside. Hopefully he wasn't outside- that wouldn't be great if they continued to circle around the streets hopelessly. Karl being all alone on the street as a male omega... George felt shivers go down his spine.

"Uhh," George hummed as he went to respond to Bad. The omega pulled the map up on his phone. He glanced at the location of Karl's address and pointed at a road. "The next one. Karl said that he'd be waiting for us."

"This is exactly why I didn't want to live in the city," Bad huffed as he pulled up to the stoplight. He waited until the light flicked green before he continued down the road. It took another moment before they were at the road of Karl's and turned down. The omega was standing on the sidewalk, his phone in hand, looking around for Bad and George.

Seeing him, George rolled down his window and wildly waved his hand to get Karl's attention. He watched the other omega's eyes spot George and widen. A large smile appeared on his face as he waved back.

Bad pulled up next to the apartment building and parked the car for the omega to step inside. It took a moment for the omega to step into the car and shut the back door of the vehicle.

"I wasn't told where we were going," Karl hummed as he buckled his seatbelt. Click. Seems that most noises that George heard lately were clicking noises- strange how that was.

"I've spent the last hour with him and wasn't informed either," Bad hummed back, hands placed on the steering wheel as he turned to look at George. He stared back with wide eyes as he realized he planned this without actually having a place to go.

"We can... uh, go to the mall?" George stumbled, eyes friendly as he attempted to cover up that he didn't really have a plan. It didn't matter how hard he tried (though he honestly didn't try at all), Karl and Bad could clearly see that he didn't have any plans. George's only response to that was a playful shrug.

Bad chuckled as he flicked on his turn signal and began to drive. Well- he began driving before he realized that he didn't know where he was going. He glanced over at George with a sheepish look. His eyes were pleading for him to pull up the directions to the mall. George rolled his eyes and pulled it up on his phone. Almost immediately, George's phone began to command directions for the omega behind the wheel.

Somewhere in this time, Karl managed to grab the aux and plugged his phone in. Songs began to play from Karl's phone into the car through the radio. It wasn't anything George knew personally, but it sounded nice to his ears. George couldn't help the smile on his face as he felt content with the other two omegas with him.

It didn't take too long until they managed to get to the mall. Parking was certainly a different story as it seemed to be full. Sunday seemed to be a great day for shopping, apparently. Eventually, they managed to get a parking spot and exited the car together.

"Has Skeppy been treating you any differently now that you're engaged?" Karl asked as they walked towards the entrance of the mall from the parking lot. The only available parking spots were very far away from the entrance, so small talk was necessary to fill the silence.

Bad giggled as he responded, "I think he's grown more affectionate towards me." He reached up to rub his neck nervously before he hissed. Both George and Karl perked up at this noise and immediately began to fret over their other omega friend as he appeared to be in pain. Almost immediately, George noticed the fresh bite on the back of his neck showing that Skeppy claimed Bad as his own. His gaze picked up to meet with Karl, the same thought on both of their minds.

"Affectionate, huh?" George teased as he shoved his friend playfully. He began to giggle as he realized that this meant that Bad and Skeppy were official. Like- officially. It was a big thing for the omega to be claimed- so George was certainly very happy.

Karl joined in with the laughter and playfully wrapped his arms around Bad. "Congrats- didn't think you'd be the first one to be bonded, to be honest." George couldn't help himself as he also wrapped his arms around Bad in a hug. He was now squeezed between the two other omegas while standing in the mall parking lot.

"You're both muffins, gosh," Bad huffed as he was squished between the loving embrace of his friends. When George and Karl pulled away, he crossed his arms and began to pout. Of course, he couldn't hide the smile on his face or the heavy flush that covered his cheeks.

They continued to talk about Skeppy and Bad as they approached the entrance of the mall. As they stepped inside and began to look through the stores, their conversations changed to be more focused on the things they were looking at within the mall.

An idea sprung into George's mind as he thought of a fun game. "How about we make a deal? We each have one store that we can go into and the other two can't deny them," George said, smiling at his friends. "We will basically walk around the store and, when we see a store, we pick that one."

"Deal," Karl responded with a smile, reaching his pinkie out. George chuckled before he laced pinkies with the other omega. Bad rolled his eyes before he also laced his pinkie with the other two. They held like that for a moment before breaking apart with small giggles.

They all began to walk through the mall. It seemed that Karl had been here before as he led the way through the store. While watching the omega, George could faintly see hints of mischief glittering within his eyes. What was he up to? George wasn't sure if he really wanted to know.

Several stores passed with nothing sticking out too much. Most of the places were clothing stores and none of the three omegas were really that interested in getting something new to wear. They did pass an alpha-only clothing store while working their way around. Karl mentioned that he needed to buy something for his boyfriend sometime, but didn't elaborate much further than that. They did not enter that store either.

George huffed as they made their way to the escalators without entering a single store. What was happening? This was supposed to be fun- not boring. George wanted some kind of action or fun, not basic walking around a mall while trying to figure out what to do. They stepped on and rode their way up to the second floor.

"Neither of you guys have seen anything yet?" George huffed, shaking his head as he felt his scent sour in the air. He didn't mean to be upset, it just felt like they weren't really trying. He knew they weren't, but it didn't stop him from being a bit upset.

"Unfortunately not," Bad responded apologetically as Karl began to lead the way around the mall again. He turned his green eyes away from George as he began to scan the various stores that lined the way.

"I've been here before," Karl responded. He was doing almost the opposite of what Bad was doing- he wasn't looking at a single store display as he continued to walk with purpose. Where was he going? "I know where I wanna go with you guys. I think you'll both enjoy it." That didn't help anything.

George's mind raced as he wondered where Karl was planning on taking them. What would the pair of them like? Maybe it was some fancy male omega store for clothing. He knew that those existed in some places, but never actually went to one himself. It wasn't that he was avoiding them, it was that he never actually saw one before. They were fancy for a reason. Whenever he needed to buy something clothing-wise relating to being a male omega, he usually just bought something online.

"There!" Bad said quickly, pointing at a store. This broke George's thoughts immediately as he followed where Bad's finger was pointing. It was a brightly colored store with... what were those? He glanced up at the store's name and immediately realized what they were. Lush- it was soap and bath bombs.

"You wanna go to Lush?" George responded, eyebrows raising as he stared at the other omega. He didn't really beg him as being someone who liked to take baths, but people also never really pegged George for being a coder either. Everyone was an anomaly in their own rights.

"Let's go," Karl smiled as he grabbed the other two by their wrists. They were immediately inside of the store and covered in the bright lights that shone over all of their products. He had to squint as he glanced around, the brightness of the store messing with his sensitive eyes. Fuck being colorblind, honestly. He grabbed his glasses out of his pocket and threw them on to protect his eyes from the harsh lights. He didn't care if anyone stared.

The place smelled... intense to say the least. George felt overwhelmed as soon as he stepped inside and glanced around. He reached up and plugged his nose as he felt himself grow nauseous over how many scents were competing their way into his nose. George felt himself fidget a bit, but knew he shouldn't say anything. They made a deal and the omega was going to stick to it.

Thankfully, neither of the other omegas really noticed as they immediately began to search the store for things that they liked. As they stepped away, George felt both a weight lift from his back while a pit grew in his stomach. How was that even possible?

He swallowed before he stepped deeper into the store. George didn't really mind getting fancy soap or a bath bomb every once in a while. He liked to treat himself to some pampering from time to time. Maybe he could even find something in the scent he liked so badly. Lush was known for their scents, maybe they had the thing he wanted...

His gaze scanned everything. He found some things that were labeled as vanilla scented and bought those. He wouldn't really mind bathing in some fancy vanilla soaps to make his base scent stronger. Dream absolutely melted over the scent of him normally, so why not make that stronger?

He had a shower gel labeled "American Cream" and a bath bomb labeled "Marshmallow World." According to the sign, both had vanilla absolute inside of it to make it smell like vanilla. Hopefully the other scents inside of it didn't cover up the vanilla too much. He debated scenting them, but didn't think he would be able to over the overwhelming scents of everything else in the store.

He scanned through as many other things as he could and couldn't find it anywhere. He sighed- his dreams of finding something scented like both pine and citrus were crushed once again. Those two scents went so well together- why did they never make anything using those two things? God.

George stepped to the counter of the store and unplugged his nose as he didn't want to look that weird in front of the employee. The individual in front of the cashier seemed to not really give two shits about anything that was happening. George placed his two items down and they scanned them before telling him his total.

Lush was expensive. The omega shook his head as he took out his card and swiped it in the scanner. He typed his pin number quickly and the transaction was completed with a small ding. George smiled as he was handed his items in a bag and told 'thank you for shopping at Lush.'

When he finished, he turned around and scanned the store for his friends. He found Bad quickly as he was debating between two different items. He plugged his nose as he got closer to the omega as he was scenting both of them closely. When he noticed George, he asked which one he should buy. George didn't really care that much and pointed at the thing that looked prettier to his eyes.

It took another ten minutes until they were finally out of that hellhole of a store. It wasn't horrible, it just fucked with all of George's senses. He hoped he would never have to go inside of a Lush again, honestly.

"My store's right over here," Karl said as he stepped off in a direction. George turned to glance at Bad before he began to follow the other omega. He wondered how often he went to this specific store in the past to know exactly where it was.

"Do you have any idea where he's taking us?" Bad whispered, leaning into George's ear to ask him. Karl was already walking ahead while Bad was hurrying after George.

"I'm just as lost as you are, Bad," George responded, chuckling lightly and nervously. He glanced over at Karl again as he found his way to the store. He stopped suddenly. The tall omega turned around to the other two quickly, both turning up and staring at him directly in the eyes.

"We're here," Karl giggled as he pointed up to the store they stood in front of. It wasn't all that big of a store and clearly wasn't a chain store. It was probably some smaller store that managed to get into the mall. The windows were blacked out, so he had no idea what this place sold. That was, of course, before he looked at the name of the place. Omega Desires.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

I almost forgot my own update schedule whoops

anyway, I need to begin writing soon or else we'll be caught up with where I am

George pushed the door open and glanced around the store. He swallowed as he realized what exactly this place entailed. Sex toys, lingerie, lube, and tons of other sex-related objects were stewn around the store. Everything that someone, whether alpha or the omega themselves, would need to pleasure an omega.

Almost immediately as George and Karl stepped into the store (Bad stayed outside- he wasn't comfortable being there), an employee was immediately by their side. From her scent, she was clearly an alpha. Her scent of eucalyptus was strong- protectiveness and hints of aggression were hidden within it. It shook George down to his bones as he feared what she would do. He could smell the fear scent of mint beside himself as well.

She took a deep breath before she pulled away with a smile. Noticing the heavy scents of fear coming from the male omegas, her face immediately grew red and apologetic. "I'm so sorry! We don't usually get male omegas here," She smiled at them and looked between Karl and George quickly. "We don't allow alphas or betas in here without an omega by their side- except for me, I guess. It's for the protection of the omegas who decide to shop here. Don't want any creepers, am I right?"

As soon as she started talking, George felt all of his fear melt away. Despite being rather intimidating a mere moment ago, she seemed to be rather bubbly and friendly. It was a nice change from some of the other alphas he knew in his past. From his experience, female alphas were generally softer. George smiled as he responded, "Yeah."

There was a pause before he continued. "If you don't mind me asking," George began, "but why are you allowed to work here? I don't mean that offensively, but I imagine that some omegas would be more uncomfortable with an alpha working here than they would an alpha being in the store."

"Oh- yeah, I get that a lot. Don't worry," She chuckled as she stepped back. She smoothed the shirt she was wearing that had the name of the store on it. He briefly wondered if she ever wore that in public outside of the store. "I own this store. My girlfriend was complaining that she felt uncomfortable shopping in normal sex shops, so I was determined to create a place where she and, by extension, all omegas feel comfortable shopping at."

George smiled at that. She genuinely seemed like a nice person who just really wanted to make her girlfriend happy. George wasn't sure how good of an investment an omega only sex shop was, but it seemed to be good enough to still around. Hopefully the wares were good as well. The employee- well, the owner smiled and waved at them as she moved to work on something behind the counter.

"Have you been here before, Karl?" George asked quietly, leaning over towards the taller omega. He glanced down into George's heterochromatic eyes and smiled before he nodded in response.

George huffed as he continued, "Then why were you scared by her as well?"

"I've never really seen her around here before," Karl hummed in response. He watched her as she stood behind the counter and began to fiddle around with something on her phone. "It's always been some omega. When I first came in here with Sapnap, she tried to stop us. She assumed we were either alphas or betas before she scented me. She'd never stopped me after that and neither did anyone else working."

After explaining everything to George, Karl began to walk away towards some of the objects within the shop.

The store wasn't very big, honestly. George assumed that it probably didn't make enough money for it to be worth being that big, but it certainly did make enough to stay in business. In a city like this, omegas were probably glad to have such a place. Karl seemed to be very thankful that this place exists.

"Hmm?" Karl asked as the pair stepped towards him. George glanced at the object in his hands for a moment before realizing what it was. There was a metal butt plug held within his hands. On the side that was not inserted, there was a bright colored gem... or at least, George thought it was bright colored. He didn't know what color it was as it looked yellow to him.

"Are you asking for advice or just showing it off to us?" George retorted as he glanced at the shiny object. George didn't really have experience with butt plugs- dildos, sure, but not butt plugs. There was a dildo in his closet that he used specifically whenever he felt lonely when Dream was at work.

"I was asking what you guys thought about it," Karl responded as he presented the toy to the other omega. George made a face at that. Karl frowned. "Not experienced in sex toys, huh?" It almost seemed like the plug weighed much more in his hands now.

"I don't have much experience with anything more than panties and dildos," George shrugged as he stepped up towards the display himself. He grabbed one of the smaller ones that appeared to be made out of some type of silicone or rubber.

"Well..." Karl began as he placed the butt plug back on the display. "I can help you pick some things out, if you'd like? Sex can be a bit more enjoyable with some toys or lingerie in the mix."

"I mean-" George started before he thought for a second. Did he want to get something? Maybe it would be nice to spice it up a bit in the bedroom. He loved having sex with Dream, don't get him wrong, but he thought maybe it'd be fun to add something to it. "Yeah. I don't mind if you help me find some things."

Karl smiled as he walked away to find something for George. The omega watched his friend walk away, wondering how often he had been within this place before. He seemed to know the layout of the place rather well.

George chuckled lightly before he turned and explored the shop. He wanted to be surprised about whatever Karl decided to choose. If he didn't like it, he would just tell him that. He turned and began to glance around at the various dildos that were in place. There were all different shapes and sizes. George couldn't help as he began to filter through the nine inch ones. Maybe he could get another one to pleasure himself when he got lonely.

Suddenly, the door to the store swung open before being shut. A female omega stepped in, her eyes wide as she meekly looked around for something. Correction- she was definitely looking for someone. How did George know? The female alpha they met earlier immediately ran towards her

and scooped her up into a large hug.

He didn't mean to, but he overheard their conversation. The alpha was very loud... "How was your day, sweetheart? Make any sales?" She practically shouted as she lifted the smaller girl into the air while hugging her before putting her back down. She pulled away with the biggest grin on her face.

The smaller, mousy girl smiled as he nodded. She giggled as she spoke. It was hard for George to hear what she was saying (and now he was fully eavesdropping, great), but he managed to catch the end of it. "... and then there were these three alphas. They were kind of intimidating, honestly."

Three alphas? George knew three alphas! Maybe this girl was talking about Dream, Skeppy, and Sapnap. He had no idea where she worked, of course, but she seemed to have interacted with them. At least, George assumed that she did. Technically, they weren't the only four alphas in the whole world. He swallowed before he brought his mind back to their conversation.

"... You should've seen the way his eyes lit up when he looked at it. I think he knew it was perfect the moment he saw it," The small girl continued, her hands fidgeting as she proceeded to talk about her day with the alpha. "His omega must be very special if he was willing to spend that much on him."

Him. She said him. That wasn't George mishearing her from the distance, he could clearly hear that she said him. Maybe she was talking about the four alphas he knew. One of the alphas must've found something for one of the omegas... if it was one of them. Male omegas weren't that common- how many gatherings of four alphas were out where at least one happened to have a male omega partner? Probably not that many. George felt butterflies inside of his stomach.

Crash! George's eyes widened as he realized that he just knocked over some of the display dildos onto the floor. He could feel his face heat up as he glanced towards the females near the door. The omega turned his head away and immediately went to pick up the mess that he made. God- he was quite an idiot. Why was he eavesdropping anyway? This was stupid- he should go find Karl and see what he was up to.

Before George was able to clean much up, the alpha was immediately by his side. She leaned down and helped him out with his mess. She grabbed a rather large ribbed dildo that seemed to be in a color he couldn't quite see. That or it was a really ugly color. George felt thankful and more embarrassed at the same exact time.

"Did you need help?" She asked, her eyes wide as she placed one of the massive dildos onto the display again. How could someone even handle one that big? Well- if George got better at handling nine inches, maybe anyone could handle things that were bigger if they worked hard enough on it. George eyed it with caution before turning back to the alpha.

"Uh- no, no. I'm fine. I'm just looking around, I guess," George chuckled as he began to rub the back of his neck nervously. He couldn't meet her gaze as he didn't want to see the look on her face. They, thankfully, cleaned up all the knocked over sex toys before anyone else entered.

"Oh," the mousy female omega said as she suddenly appeared beside the owner. George jumped in surprise, wondering how she got there so quickly and quietly. God- George better pay more attention next time. Her nose was twitching as she visibly scented George carefully. George was kind of used to it because not many people really met male omegas.

"I need to go back to my friends," George responded lightly, feeling more and more awkward by the moment. The male omega turned to look for where his friends were. Since the three of them were the only ones in the store aside from the two women, it wasn't that difficult.

As he stepped away from the pair, he heard them whispering to one another. "It's him!" The mousy woman said quickly, seeming to be talking through a smile. George felt his ears perk up as he slowed his pace towards Karl. She continued, "He smells like that alpha I was talking about." After she said that, they both broke into giggles. George could feel four eyes boring directly into his back as he stepped away.

She saw Dream. Well, she sold Dream something at her store. What was it? Where did she work? Whatever it was, apparently he was really lucky. His mind spun with the possibilities. His face was probably a deep shade of red as he continued his way away from them. George could only feel a smile grow stronger on his face as he increased his pace to the other omegas in the store.

"Guys, I-" That was all George could get out before he was grabbed by Karl and pulled closer.

Karl immediately cut him off as he began to explain what items he chose. "You said that you mainly do lingerie, right? Well-" Karl placed the things he grabbed on the nearby display to show them off. Karl turned around and showed what he was holding to the other omega, a big ass smile on his face. There were four items in his hands, a theme clearly in place.

The first thing was garders- classic. George had a pair, but hadn't really used it recently. This one seemed much fancier than the set he had at home, though. The second thing was white lacy underwear. At first, he was going to comment that he already had some before he realized that there was clearly no back. If he wore those, his ass would be on full display.

Next up was a matching bra that went with the panties. It was made out of the same material and in the same color- but clearly for males. It had some minor padding to resemble breasts, like most male omega bras. Finally, there was a rubber butt plug in the color of baby blue. At least he could see the color of this compared to most other things within this store.

"What do you think?" Karl chuckled, elbowing George's side lightly as he glanced at the items he grabbed. It seemed that he planned these out because there was a very clear theme.

"I-" George mumbled for a second, staring between the items once again. He knew what all of them together would be. Would he be willing to do that? He debated it inside of his mind, wondering if he could really do something like this. He sucked in a breath before answering, "Yeah okay. I think I'll try it."

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

gnf stream,,

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was Wednesday. The omega hummed as he sent his project to his client. This meant that he only had one more to complete. Thank god for that, honestly. George could almost feel the clinginess setting in within himself.

The things he bought on Sunday sat in their bag under his desk. Dream didn't usually come in here during the week, so he thought it was the best place to 'hide' it from him. He wanted it to be a surprise when he wore it. And he decided that he was going to do it tonight. There wasn't anything special about tonight, he just wanted to do something... different tonight.

He slipped his phone out and checked his phone. Dream would be on lunch break right now, so he'd be on his phone. The edges of his mouth curled up as he shot a text to Dream asking if he'd like to eat dinner out again. He set his phone down on his desk and watched as his project fully sent and was now with his customer. Hopefully he liked it.

His phone dinged and the omega almost fell out of his chair as he struggled to grab his phone from the desk. Why did he set it down? He should've just put it back down on his lap. He huffed and opened his phone to look at the message from 'Dreamie <3'.

Is there an occasion?

George hummed as he looked at the response. He couldn't just tell him that he wanted to have a... special night tonight. That was supposed to be a surprise for his beloved boyfriend. He swirled his tongue in his mouth as he thought up a reply and began to type it.

Don't feel like cooking. Feel like being clingy

Good enough. Hopefully that would work. He wanted to not make Dream suspicious of his motives while also forcing him to want to go out.

If you wanna be clingy, why don't we just order takeout? We can cuddle better at home ;)

George felt his face heat up. He loved the way that Dream considered what he said and wanted to help him out. The problem with this was that George wasn't cuddle-clingy... he was horny-clingy. The omega puffed again as he frantically came up with something else.

But I wanna go out :(

Following this, George sent him a picture of him pouting sadly. He tried to make his eyes as big as he could to try and get his alpha to agree with him. The power of a horny omega was certainly a strong one- don't worry about that! There were three dots that signified that he was typing. It took a minute before Dream responded.

Okay, ily Gogy <3

It took him over a minute to type that? George could feel a smirk find its way onto his lips as he wondered if what the alpha was typing before he changed his mind. George wondered if he'd learn that eventually. The omega licked his lips as he typed another response.

Ily too, Dreamie <3

George could almost feel his heart explode with how much love he had for Dream. If he was smaller, he doubted that his body could store all the love he had for his alpha. That was why he wanted to treat him tonight. Get him some dinner, maybe tease him a little, and then let him have his way with him. God- George was so excited.

The omega spent the next few hours working on his final project. It didn't take that long until he happily finished it and sent it along to his customer as well. Thank god he managed to get all of them finished. He made a mental note to himself to never accept four projects at once when he was a week away from his heat. Maybe when he just got out of his heat, but not immediately before.

He pulled his phone out and noticed the time. It was barely four o'clock, which meant that the omega could spend about an hour getting ready. It wasn't that he needed all that time, but he felt like he wanted to be perfect. He grabbed the bag and brought it into his room.

George tossed his clothing (they were pajamas) off and into their laundry bin within their room. He reached over and pulled the panties and bra out. In his hands, he noticed that they were made out of a nice material despite the lace around it. He licked his lips as he stepped into the panties and clipped the bra on. His ass felt cold and exposed, but it looked good. Like- really good. And if George thought this, he could only wonder how Dream would react.

He pulled the next thing out of the bag- the garters. Well, they weren't really garters but rather a "garter belt." George certainly didn't care about the difference as he stepped towards his dresser and grabbed a pair of white stockings that he had. Apparently, he was going to wear a lot of white today. He pulled the garter belt on and pulled the stockings up before attaching the two together.

There was another thing in the bag, but he wasn't going to get that out yet. He'd wait until right before they left when he'd put that in. He shivered as he wondered what Dream would think about all of these put together.

He changed his thought process as he continued to get himself ready for his alpha. He wanted to show off all of his assets to his precious Dream. No- he needed to. He could feel the warmth bubble up inside of himself as he grabbed one of his skirts. It was white and pleated. He couldn't help himself as he rolled up the top of the skirt to make the skirt shorter. He wanted Dream to see his undergarments.

He moved to their closet and glanced around through the tops he had. He hummed as his lips began to drip. George sighed as he wondered why he didn't buy an outfit to go with this. Maybe he should've found something or, at least, bought a butt plug in a more easily found color.

The omega's eyes widened as he pulled out one of his tight shirts. It was in the same color as he needed (and he knew this because he could see blue). He pulled it off and slipped it over his head and onto his body. He turned to look at himself in the mirror and felt his jaw drop.

George looked amazing. The colors of everything looked great- especially when it was all put together. His chest looked amazing with the addition of the breasts in the blue shirt. He couldn't help but grin as he spun around slightly to allow the skirt to flare up a bit. He felt a heavy blush

rush across his cheeks as he realized that his other cheeks were very visible when he did that.

He reached over and grabbed his phone again. It had been about fifteen minutes since he last checked. How did it take him this long to put all of this on? He gave himself a shake before he grabbed his makeup box on top of his dresser. He opened it up and pulled out the things he needed to make himself look pretty. Not like he wasn't already pretty, but he thought makeup would be the perfect finishing touch.

It took another twenty minutes for him to complete his look. He made sure it looked natural except for the color of his eyelids to be a beautiful blue coloration. It was similar to the color of his shirt, but it wasn't exact. No one, especially Dream, would notice if they weren't looking for it. His lips were plush and pink as he knew how much Dream loved his pretty pink lips.

4:45. He had probably half an hour, give or take, until Dream came home. Work ended at 5, but he was able to slip out early sometimes. On the other hand, the traffic was pretty bad sometimes and caused him to take some time before he got home.

He stepped towards his bed again and glanced into the bag. The only thing left inside was the baby blue butt plug that he knew would finish the entire thing. He briefly wondered if he wanted to do this before shaking his head. He already committed- he wanted to do this.

The omega reached over to their nightstand and pulled out a bottle of lube. They didn't really use it that often since George produced his own self-lubricant, but still kept some in case they needed it. He squeezed a generous amount into his palm before lathering the butt plug up in it. He wanted to make sure it would go in easily- especially since he didn't have any of his own slick right now. When he finished, he tossed the bottle back into the drawer.

He placed himself on the bed and propped himself in a good position. The lack of an ass covering on the panties was great for this. He sucked in a breath before he pushed the plug into his ass. He released a squeal as he felt it enter himself- the surprise causing it more than any sort of 'pain'. It was smaller than what he was used to, so it didn't take that much for him to get used to it.

He huffed and pulled his hand away once the plug was perfectly in place. He took a moment before he pushed himself off his bed and took a step towards the bathroom. His face squeezed as he realized he was certainly not used to this feeling. It would take him some time before he got comfortable. Maybe he should've placed this in earlier while he was getting ready...

There was no time to really think too much about that. The past was in the past- this was the present now. George swallowed the unusual feeling before he walked into the bathroom and washed his hand off. He didn't want Dream to know that he had used their lube- he wanted him to find out.

He walked around for the next fifteen twenty-five minutes trying to make himself feel more comfortable with the item in his ass. Through that time, he managed to get himself comfortable to the point that he acted like it was barely there. He could still feel it, of course, but he could ignore it enough to continue through the night.

The front door clicked open and Dream entered. He looked tired, but a smile curled on his face as he spotted George hanging around the living room. George could feel a similar expression mirrored identically on his own face.

"Oh, dressed up? Is there really no special occasion?" Dream asked with a smile as he kicked his shoes off. He stepped towards George and placed a small kiss on his forehead as a 'I'm glad to see you.'

“I just wanted to look nice,” George purred in response, making sure that his skirt didn’t flare up too much yet. He didn’t want to ruin the surprise yet. Dream would learn what was happening later, not right now.

“I’ll go get changed and we can leave,” Dream smiled as he placed another kiss on George’s face. This time, it was on his cheek. George hummed in response before the alpha stepped away and walked towards the stairs. He turned towards George for a second before walking upstairs to get changed.

It took barely a minute before he came back. He was dressed nice, but more casually than he was mere moments ago. He went from workwear to something nice, but casual. George liked this outfit much better, though. It made him smile as he watched the alpha step towards him once again. He was instantly wrapped up in another hug before Dream placed a gentle kiss on his head.

“Ready?” Dream asked as he gently swayed with the omega placed within his embrace. George couldn’t help but smile up as he stared at his beloved.

“Of course,” was his reply.

Chapter End Notes

okay, I know that I said I was going to post on Sundays and Wednesdays, but apparently that was a fat lie. I’m only gonna update on Wednesdays (I’ve had very bad writer’s block and have finals)

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

this chapter is super short oh no

I didn't realize that until I actually went to post this

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George squirmed in his seat as Dream drove them into the city. The omega found a restaurant that seemed to make pretty good food out there. He found it by accident while he was working earlier today on a project. Well... maybe it wasn't an accident if he was specifically looking for 'good restaurants in the nearby city.'

He was excited and scared at the same time. He was going to be in public with the full ensemble- people would look at him in his full outfit. They'd see the shirt skirt, fake tits, and tons of makeup. They'd know just from looking at him that he was more feminine and immediately assume he was an omega.

Also, if anyone else noticed that he was clearly wearing underwear without the ass or the butt plug, he could be in danger. Some alphas would see that as an open invitation for someone to fuck him. George did not mean that for any alphas. Well, anyone except for Dream, of course.

The butt plug was also... very annoying for him. He wasn't quite used to it, so sitting in the car with it in was somewhat messy. Not like he was leaking or anything, but he was being a bit of a bitch to Dream. Correction- he was being a very big bitch to Dream. The alpha clearly didn't know what was up with him, though.

"When are we gonna be there?" George whined as his fingers fiddled with his white skirt that rode up just a little too high up his thighs. They were milky white- and he wondered what colors they'd look when Dream finished with them...

"You're the one who chose the place, Georgie," Dream responded, a small huff at the end of his sentence. He seemed upset, but that was more because of how irritating the omega was probably being. He knew this- but he couldn't help himself.

"Dream- it's taking too long," George continued, fidgeting around in his seat. The alpha glanced over at him and sighed. Dream's hand crossed the center and rested pleasantly on the lap of the omega- right on top of his own hand.

"We'll be there soon," Dream murmured, his scent growing very comforting in the air. He was releasing his soothing scent since he noticed the moving and whining from George- great. He wasn't upset- he was somewhat uncomfortable. They were probably very similar emotions, though, so the alpha couldn't tell the difference.

That was a big fat lie, George thought as they finally pulled into the parking lot about forty-five minutes later. George felt himself wanting to bitch more before he realized he was able to stand up once again. Maybe walking around would help some of his discomfort and allow him to actually be sexy like he was supposed to be.

It was about six thirty when they finally parked. George stepped out of the door and did a bit of stepping around before he was joined by Dream. He didn't want to ruin the surprise yet- he wanted to wait for the perfect moment. A small smile crossed his face as he laced fingers with the alpha and they began to walk towards the restaurant.

The parking lot wasn't that close to the place, honestly. The lot was outside of a plaza that contained plenty of different places such as shops and places to eat. George just thought that this place seemed to have rather delicious looking food and wanted to try it. When better than when you're trying to woo your boyfriend with some new items?

And just like that, the perfect opportunity seemed to present itself. As they were walking, Dream moved to pull out his phone and it slipped from his grasp. He inhaled sharply when it made contact with the concrete, his face visibly worried as he wondered if it shattered. It didn't sound like it did...

George smirked as he pushed Dream out of the way. "Here, I'll grab it," he purred as he leaned down to grab the device. He made sure that his ass was very visible and right in front of Dream as he did so. He wanted to make sure the alpha knew exactly what he was wearing- both in clothing and inside of him.

"George!" The alpha shouted almost immediately. George couldn't quite place if it was out of surprise or arousal. As soon as he heard this, he realized that all the discomfort he was feeling was justified.

He turned around, his bottom lip sticking out while his eyes were wide. He could visibly see the heavy blush that was crossing the cheeks of the blond alpha behind him. "Is there something wrong, Dreamie?" He spoke, his voice as soft as he could make it. "Do you not like what you see?"

"Fuck- George," Dream inhaled, giving his head a shake. He seemed to be having trouble maintaining himself. His low voice was dripping with lust as he continued, "This is why you wanted to go out, wasn't it?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," George hummed teasingly as he pushed himself back into the standing position. He handed the phone over to Dream playfully before continuing to walk towards their destination.

It took a moment before Dream was at his side once again. His voice was still low as he continued to speak to his boyfriend, "You're gonna have me thinking about that for the entirety of dinner." George hummed in response which caused Dream's eyes to widen. "You want me to be thinking about this for a while. You're evil George... so evil. You're gonna be punished when you get home." There was a glint in his eyes as he spoke.

Punished. The word sent shivers down George's spine- pleasant ones. He felt turned on at the thought, but pushed it down. That was for later... when they were alone in their room late into the night.

"I'm sure you will," George whispered back as he felt he couldn't speak any louder. He couldn't speak any louder here. It felt like this moment was only for the two of them despite the fact they were in public.

The sexual tension was thick as they continued to walk towards their destination. While they walked, the alpha's arm slowly found its way around the omega's waist and began to pull him closer. George didn't mind, recognizing that Dream was protective as he knew what he was doing

now.

The omega managed to squirm his way away from Dream's grasp at one point. He continued to make sure that the alpha was getting a full display of himself. He wanted Dream to see everything he was wearing and to see that he meant it for him. This display was all for Dream.

George and Dream reached the restaurant and entered. The omega set up a reservation when Dream agreed to going out, so they got a table almost as soon as they stepped through the door. They were seated in a booth- George specifically sitting opposite to him to tease him a bit more.

Each pulled up the menu. George skimmed through it quickly and noted what he wanted before anything else could change his mind. He set the menu down and began to stare at the person across the table from him. Unlike George, he'd never seen the menu before (George looked up the menu after looking up the reservation).

"Do you see anything you'd like to eat?" George murmured, resting his elbow on the table and his chin on his palm. He stared into the green (as he was told) eyes across the table that scanned through the menu. He could feel another smile across his face as he continued to speak, "How about me?"

Another sharp inhale of air. "The things you do to me, Georgie," Dream breathed, closing his eyes for a moment. George could feel the pride swirl within his chest as he watched how much his alpha was reacting to his actions. He loved this- he loved teasing Dream with his body.

"What do I do to you?" George purred in response, his eyes glinting with playfulness as he watched the alpha across from him.

"You want me to tell you?" Dream growled softly, his eyes narrowing. George gasped and swallowed as he made sure not to move his gaze. Dream noticed this immediately and chuckled, low and powerful, "I don't think I should tell you. You've been teasing me throughout the night- maybe I get to have some fun."

"Dream-" George began to whine.

"What?" He chuckled before he set down his menu. The pair were now staring at one another across the table. The sexual tension was thick enough to be cut through with a knife. "A bit of a punishment. You'll get more later."

George gasped lightly. His cheeks rushed with blood along with a different, more southern area of his body. Goddamn it- he was supposed to be turning Dream on, not the other way around.

"Mmm," Dream purred softly, his eyes sharp as he watched George fidget around with his growing erection. He could probably smell the arousal in his vanilla scent as it grew in the air. George felt his face flush once again as he hoped no other alphas were around to smell this. "I like the way you smell when you're aroused."

"Dream-" George repeated. He could feel himself becoming more turned on in the moment. His vanilla scent was probably thick in the air and attracting any alphas that were seated nearby.

"You're mine," Dream continued as pine and citrus filled the air as well. It was deep and protective in the scent- trying to mask George's own from any other alphas who may be around. He reached his hand across the table and grabbed onto George's. The omega happily obliged as he brought his hand together with his lover. The physical contact was nice, but he wasn't entirely sure if it was helping the situation.

“Mhm,” George murmured in response as he felt himself melting into his eyes. Their scents intertwined in the air resulting in a wonderfully scented cacophony of vanilla, citrus, and pine. Honestly, it was probably overwhelming to anyone who wasn’t one of them. The poor waiter when he eventually arrived to ask for their orders...

Chapter End Notes

the next chapter will make up for that- I'll post that early (on Sunday)

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

this is what you guys are all here for, right?

Fuck George. He spent the entirety of their time together trying to arouse Dream. It was working- but Dream was very careful with controlling himself. He did not want to fuck George in public- they were not that type of couple. No matter how much his inner alpha told him to bend his omega over and teach him how to behave, he swallowed that down and pushed himself forward.

When they got their drinks, George made sure to tease Dream. He laced his pretty pink lips carefully around the straw before taking a sip. Following that, he pulled away before pretending to suck it as if it were a dick- Dream's dick. Dream didn't know what to do in response to that, so he just stared.

They eventually got their food (after what felt like hours of George arousing Dream despite it only being about half an hour) where Dream got steak while George chose pasta. Dream made sure NOT to look at George whenever he ate his pasta. He knew exactly what he was doing when he sensually slurped up the pasta into his mouth the first time.

It didn't stop when Dream was eating, either. The alpha cut off a piece of his steak and took a bite. In response, George giggled before saying, "Would you like to t-bone me?" It was so dumb that it almost made Dream choke on the said piece of steak. That caused George to become proud before growing concerned as he watched Dream's face go red. The blond almost immediately assured him that he was alright.

Dream assumed that they would go home after they finished with dinner. The waiter came back and asked if they were finished. Dream began to speak before George almost immediately blurted out that he wanted dessert. He sent daggers directly into George's eyes as he wondered what he was doing. God- he wanted so badly to bend him over and fuck him right there.

He ordered a vanilla sundae to eat. He made sure to eat it as slowly as he could while teasing Dream the entire time. He made sure to wrap his tongue around the spoon as he ate to show off his... abilities. Dream had to force himself to not delve deeper into the thoughts screaming to be let out.

When they finally left the restaurant, they were walking together. It began with them walking side by side before George pushed himself forward. He made sure that Dream could see everything that he was wearing. The garters, the panties, the butt plug. God- everything that he was wearing made the alpha's mouth utterly water.

"You like what you see?" George said as he walked in front of Dream. Despite the alpha trying to walk side by side with the smaller man, he always hurried forward to get in front of Dream. At this moment, he was stepping in front of Dream and flipping his skirt up to show off his very visible ass and baby blue butt plug- well, the end of it.

"George, you're pushing it," Dream muttered as he stepped to walk side by side with the omega. If any alphas noticed, they'd be all over him in a minute. Dream didn't want that to happen- George

was his. He wrapped arm around the omega's waist carefully before forcefully pulling him closer.

He struggled to get away from the alpha's grip as he wanted to tease him more, but that just caused Dream to hold onto him tighter. George belonged to him and him only. All of his actions were for him exclusively, and he didn't want to chance the possibility that someone else would see what George was doing.

"Dream~ let me go," George huffed and puffed as he struggled (and failed) to actually get away from his lover. Of course, Dream could feel that he wasn't even trying that hard to get away from him. The purrs were audible as they rose from his throat and filled the air.

"Mine," Dream felt the growl come from deep in his throat. He wanted to shove his nose into the omega's bonding gland so badly. He wasn't sure if he wanted to just smell it or actually bite it, but he would figure that out soon enough.

"Protective today, huh?" George smirked in response. Dream could see in his eyes that he knew exactly why he was protective.

"Your fault," Dream retorted with a small snort. His hand found its way down from his hip and under his skirt. He couldn't help himself as he grabbed his omega's ass and gave it a squeeze. The omega squeaked in surprise while his cheeks ran a rosy pink.

It didn't take them too long until they were inside of the car. Dream placed his one hand on the steering wheel as he drove them home. He also placed his other hand directly onto the thigh of George. He squeezed the smaller boy's small white legs in his grasp. He needed to touch George.

The entire car ride, George was utterly distracting. He looked so fucking beautiful sitting there in the short skirt and tight ass shirt. On top of that, Dream knew that his ass was fully on display while a toy was rammed inside of it. The thoughts of what he was going to do to him when he got home were vile. He shook his head- He needed to focus on the road, not his beautiful omega sitting next to him

"What are you gonna do to me, Dreamie?" George purred, his voice thick with lust as he tried to get Dream's attention. Dream's eyes grew wide as he realized the omega was continuing to tease him. Can't. Take. His. Eyes. Off. The. Road.

What caused him to act up like this? Dream had no idea but, fuck, it was amazing. He wanted to, so badly, pull the car over and fuck George right there... but he couldn't. They were close to their home. They could get home where Dream would throw his omega onto the bed and ravage him like he deserved.

He might be in preheat. It was about five days until his heat more or less. The length of his preheat was always different every cycle. Despite that, he always had about seven or eight days of heat- a long time, but Dream loved every minute of it. He was lost in the haze of a rut half the time, but he certainly didn't care. He loved George.

"I'll toss you on our bed," Dream began, his eyes staying focused on the road. He knew that even a glance at George would cause him to lose all his focus and stop the car. He couldn't do that.

"Mhm," George purred, his hand reaching up to gently touch Dream's hand that was resting on George's thighs.

"Gonna get the butt plug out of you," Dream continued, his voice low as he spoke. He wanted to stare at George as he said this, but he couldn't. He licked his lips as he continued to think about

George underneath him. "I don't even need to take your clothes off, huh? I could fuck you straight through your panties. Saves me time, huh?"

"Y-yeah," George breathed, his voice sounding like a pant. Dream debated taking a glance in his direction, but knew that would throw him off almost immediately. Despite not looking at him, the alpha could clearly scent the arousal and lust inside of his scent as it grew thick in the car. Dream felt like he was suffocating in the lust- and he was loving it.

"I'm gonna mark you everywhere," Dream growled, his voice low despite the fact they were the only ones who could hear what they were saying. "Leave bruises all over your body. Your neck, your thighs, your hips."

"H-hips?" George gasped lightly, his mind probably wondering what that meant. The alpha's hand tightened around the omega's thigh, squeezing the meat within his hand. God- the warmth of his body against his hand felt so good.

Dream could only chuckle at that response. "I'm gonna pin you down, Georgie. Gonna hold you so tight that you're gonna get bruises- you know what I mean," He continued to speak. He wanted to tell George everything that was going through his mind. His grip on the steering wheel tightened. "I'm gonna show off to everyone that you're mine. You did it to me on Saturday- I deserve to do this."

George's only response was another squeal. Dream couldn't help himself as he moved his hand on his lap. He felt a smile rise to his face as he realized that the omega had a hard on. He licked his lips again as he gently squeezed the crotch of George- making him squeal once again.

"Mmm, am I turning you on, Georgie?" Dream purred as he tried to maintain his focus. It would only be a few minutes until they were home. C'mon. Stay focused. When he got home, he was going to make sure George couldn't walk straight for a few days. "You deserve it, you little slut. That whole show of yours out in public? You know how much I wanted to fuck you?"

"Tell me," George breathed, his clothed cock twitching within the alpha's hand. Dream grunted at the movement. He couldn't help himself as he began to palm the omega next to him through his short ass skirt.

"Oh, fuck George," Dream grunted once again, his teeth gritting against one another as he tried slowly pulled towards their home. He inhaled sharply before continuing, "It took every single nerve in my body not to pull you into the nearest shaded spot and fuck you until you couldn't walk straight. You'd be absolutely wrecked to the point I'd need to carry your ass home."

"Do that, Dream," George panted, his scent deliciously sweet in the air. Dream couldn't get enough of the scent as it filled the air. It smelled much like a sweet bakery- so sweet and delectable that Dream couldn't help but want a taste. "I want you to do that anyway. I-I'm yours."

Dream smirked as a raspy purr rose from deep in his throat. He couldn't help it as he heard George say that he belonged to him. "Did you think I wouldn't?" Dream grunted out as he pulled into their driveway. He had to remove his hand from the omega's crotch, gaining a painfully loud and sorrowful whine from him.

It took a moment to park the car before Dream pulled the key out and immediately went to George's side of the car. He couldn't help himself as he immediately buried their lips together sharply and passionately. It felt like fire was burning between them as their lips finally met and began to thrive off of one another.

Slowly and carefully, Dream began to guide the smaller man towards their house. It took him a second of fumbling before he managed to insert the key and unlock the door to their house. It took barely a minute before they were upstairs on their bed- both pressed up against one another in pure want.

Dream was on top of George, pinning him down against their bed. The omega was pleasantly resting with his back against the comforter, his hips grinding his clothed dick against Dream's own clothed cock. Their faces were smooshed together as they gave each other sloppy kisses, spit stringing their mouths together as Dream pulled away.

"Fuck George," Dream grunted, smirking at the omega. His pupils were blown as he stared up at the alpha hovering above him. It wasn't noticeable in George's brown eye, but it was very evident in the pretty blue eye that George had. The omega's eyes went wide as he seemed to believe that Dream was moving onto further actions. His hips began to frantically grind his crotch against Dream's. He brought his face close to the omega's ear as he muttered, "Did you think I was gonna make it that easy?"

George began to release a whine before Dream bit down on the smaller boy's neck (not on the bonding gland, Dream was very careful about that). The whine shifted quickly into a yelp of both pain and pleasure as his hips began to buck against Dream to get more action. Dream's hand slithered down and pressed the smaller omega's hips down against the bed, forcing him in place.

"So needy," Dream purred as he pulled himself off of the omega's collarbone. He gently licked the bite mark afterwards to soothe George down a bit. After that, he placed some gentle kisses around the area to calm him down and soothe him a bit.

"Dream-" George strained as he tried to fight against the alpha's strong hand. That only allowed the alpha to growl at the omega, forcing him into submission. George gave a quiet whine as he sunk back into the bed and allowed Dream to continue what he was doing. It was clear that he wanted so much more... but Dream wouldn't let that happen yet.

"Better," Dream growled as he moved to bite down on George's neck. He wasn't usually this aggressive, but George kicked some of his alpha hormones into overdrive. He needed to protect his omega. He needed to show the world that George belonged to him. Only him. George was his.

The hand of Dream's that wasn't on the omega's waist moved further downward the smaller man's body. He pulled away from George's deliciously sweet mouth to look at him. After a moment, his hand firmly smacked George's ass causing a loud noise to sound in the room. George whined softly as that hand began to rub softly on the area to soothe the pain he was feeling.

Dream hastily unbuttoned George's pretty blue shirt and tossed it across the room with no care. Wherever it ended up was alright with Dream as he was much more interested in what hid beneath the clothes. Dream couldn't help as he slipped one of his hands up and squeezed the fake breasts on his omega. They looked beautiful on his body, but Dream knew that they weren't real.

Despite this, he could tell the omega was in bliss from the way the fabric of the breasts felt against his nipples.

Dream immediately took the open space as more canvas space for his bites. He licked George's collarbone carefully before sinking his teeth into the pale white skin once again. George's mewls of both lust and irritation were like music to Dream's ears as he pulled away. Dream was being very aggressive, but George wasn't stopping him.

The process repeated quite a few times until George's neck and collarbone were blissfully covered

in various bites and hickeys- enough to Dream's desire. Anyone who looked at him would immediately know he was claimed without being properly claimed (yet). Not only that, but by what seemed to be a very possessive alpha.

George was panting at this point. His face was visibly red, similar to a cherry as he tried to get something more from Dream. The alpha couldn't help but smirk at his work- the beautiful marks slowly forming around his neck and collarbone on porcelain white skin. The red from his heavy blush accented it nicely.

Dream couldn't help himself as he pulled his omega into a deep kiss. He wanted to savor the taste of George- memorize it into his taste buds carefully. He needed to memorize this so that he could never forget what his beloved. He certainly couldn't help himself as he bit down on his lips in an attempt to make them beautifully red. They would match his heavy blush perfectly. He slipped his tongue into George's mouth easily as the smaller man made no effort to stop him.

It must've been minutes when Dream finally pulled away from his omega. The brown haired man seemed to be panting as he tried to get his breath back after the makeout session. Dream leaned in close to his omega, teasing another kiss, but he stopped himself when he was brushing against George's lips. A smirk formed on his face once again.

"Such a tease today, huh? My turn," Dream growled as he carefully licked his lips. He watched the blown out pupils of his omega watch the movement before he began to squirm once again. He wanted so much that Dream wasn't giving him- perfect.

Dream made sure to maintain eye contact with George as he slowly found his way going down the omega's body. He was careful with his moments as he wanted to tease him as long as possible. George seemed to be thinking that Dream was doing something he entirely wasn't- his hips thrusting upwards which caused his skirt to flare up. Dream noticed the wet spot on the omega's beautiful white panties right where his hard cock was hidden which only added to the alpha's pride.

The alpha could feel his own dick pressing against his pants, threatening to break out. Dream could hold himself back as he continued to mess with George. He didn't care how long he'd have to wait, he knew that he was going to get a taste of George before the end of the night. That thought allowed him to continue what he was doing without the more overwhelming urge to absolutely wreck George with his dick.

"Needy much? You're only gonna make me take longer," Dream purred carefully as he nuzzled his nose against George's dick. The omega immediately squeaked as he realized that the alpha was so close. He began to move, but Dream moved his hand up to force George to stay in one place. A growl bubbled up in his throat as he spoke, "No moving. Still or else."

Dream made sure that the omega nodded before he continued. George needed to know to follow his orders or he wouldn't get any sweet relief from Dream. Well... Dream wasn't sure if he'd be able to stop himself from fucking George with how gorgeous he looked. Dream didn't care about the makeup or the clothes he was wearing, he cared about his omega and his beautiful body.

He placed gentle kisses around the omega's dick and hole, not removing the underwear. He didn't want to- he loved the way that it curled around his omega's body. It fit him so nicely. Dream wondered when he got it since he absolutely knew he'd never seen it before.

His eyes drifted to the base of the butt plug that was still inserted inside of the omega. He'd certainly need to deal with that later. He hummed softly at it before turning his attention to the omega's thighs. They were beautifully milk white and absolutely free of markings from his mouth.

Dream licked his lips again before lacing his teeth with the fat of George's thighs. Dream watched his eyes go wide as a loud yelp escaped from his throat. George tried to pull his legs away from the shock, but Dream's hand immediately shot forward to hold it in place. When he stilled, the alpha carefully cleaned up the mess and placed gentle kisses around the area.

"I-I'm sorry for teasing you," George mewled quietly as he fidgeted, the wet spot in his underwear clearly growing bigger. Dream bit his lip as he watched this occur, his mind immediately going to how much he wanted to help out his omega. He would only tease him a bit longer before he would finally do something more. "I've learned my lesson! No more teasing! Please, Dream, please help me out." His voice was soft as tears seemed to streak from his face.

Dream's instincts went into overdrive as George's scent changed in the air. He pulled away from George and close to his face. He placed gentle kisses against the omega's cheeks to calm him down and soothe him in the moment. He wasn't sure if this was from the teasing or the bites. "It's okay, George," Dream purred softly, being careful not to make him more upset, "I don't have to be aggressive anymore. I'll go easy on you, I'm sorry."

George hiccuped lightly as Dream continued to wash the tears away with kisses. A smile was now curled on his face as Dream slowly pulled himself to place some small kisses against his lips. Dream was careful with his movements and kisses. He already made the omega cry, he didn't want to break him.

George's hands slipped around Dream's neck while he was carefully kissing his lips. He pulled away carefully, his eyes scanning George's face and eyes for signs of what he was feeling. If he wanted to stop, Dream would stop. They didn't need to continue with this if it made George uncomfortable. Of course, he didn't see that in his eyes.

"I want you to be rough," George whispered as soon as he realized that Dream was paying attention to him. He exhaled before he continued, "I-I liked how aggressive you were. It really turned me on. Keep doing what you were doing." His voice went quiet as he finished, "I don't know why I cried, I'm sorry."

"You were just overwhelmed, don't apologize," Dream murmured softly as he placed a kiss on the side of his partner's mouth. "I can go back to being rough and aggressive if you want?" Dream purred softly as he nuzzled up against the omega's neck. He kissed one of the bite marks he made gently.

"Please," George murmured softly, his scent growing sweet in the air again. Dream smirked as he moved his way down his omega's body. He sucked hickies onto the areas of skin that were left without marks previously. His teeth grazed skin occasionally causing the omega to inhale sharply as he wondered if Dream was going to take another bite.

"You want me so badly, don't you," Dream growled softly as he tried to get back into the swing. It was difficult at first since he was still fretting over making his omega cry, but at the same time, he wanted to make sure George was happy and full with his seed. George wanted it. George needed it.

Dream was careful with his movements before he began to get back into the groove of it. The alpha placed kisses and hickies down George's body all the way back to his thighs. He made some small hickies along the pale skin before placing a gentle kiss against the bite mark he made earlier. It was an apology for hurting him before he moved onto placing a hickey as close as he could to the omega's dick. He paused before placing a kiss on the omega's clothed dick as well, which twitched in response.

"Yes," George whined, his body shifting to present himself more to his alpha. He made a move to

show off his ass more, an omega instinct, to make Dream fuck him. Dream couldn't help but wonder how much slick was being held inside of him because of the baby blue butt plug. He licked his lips as he thought about it.

Dream's hand moved to the base of the thing. He gave it a small tug and watched the omega moan and shiver from the small movement. Heat flowed through Dream's body as he watched the omega carefully, his eyes growing lustful as he continued to fiddle with the plug. Dream said he would continue to be rough, so he wanted to tease a bit more. Of course, he'd make sure to watch George in case it took too long again.

He was slow as he twisted and fiddled with the baby blue item that was buried inside of George. God- the faces that George was making was almost enough for Dream to cum from those alone. He loved the way his face twisted and opened at the movements.

"You're so pretty, George," Dream purred as he finally pulled the thing out of George. He brought the item close to his face to examine it. It was coated in both lube (which George probably used to insert it) and his slick from being turned on. Dream paused as he glanced at his omega before he took a lick of the toy. He shivered at the wonderfully sweet taste of the slick. The lube (strawberry flavored- Dream didn't want to have to taste basic lube whenever he decided to do exactly this) only added to the experience. "So pretty for me."

"Yeah?" George breathed out once again. His pupils were blown out clearly as he watched Dream playfully wrap his tongue around the baby blue toy and clean the lube and slick from it. A sharp whine entered the air as George grew impatient- Dream could detect this from his scent. As long as he wasn't crying upset, Dream was happy to make him wait just a little longer. "Hurry up," George moaned sadly as he began to fidget around.

"You want me to hurry up, huh?" Dream growled, his eyes glowering down at George. "You wanted to be a tease, I'm only repaying the favor. If you really want me that badly, why don't you prepare yourself for me." Despite being phrased as a question, he said it like it was a statement. A demand.

George's eyes widened as he immediately moved his hand down to his rear. He quickly inserted two fingers into himself and began to pump them in and out of himself. The lewd noises that escaped his mouth almost made Dream want to take over the process. A spike of envy rose within his chest as he wanted to be the one causing those noises to come from George.

It wasn't long until Dream finished cleaning off the butt plug that was previously inside of his partner. He could feel his hard on begging to be released as he watched George continue to finger himself while stretching himself for Dream's dick. God- he looked so beautiful in Dream's eyes. He wanted to ravage him so badly.

"Dream," George moaned... which went straight to the alpha's dick. He couldn't help it as he watched George continue to finger fuck himself. He inserted two more fingers while Dream wasn't paying attention, apparently. George had flipped himself over from being on his back to being on his belly. The omega was still wearing his skirt, garters, and panties, but his skirt was flared up to show off. His ass was on full display for Dream as he continued to thrust his fingers into himself.

With a grunt, the alpha quickly stripped off his clothes. His shirt went first and landed across the room in a pile somewhere. Dream stood up, pushing himself off the bed, as he fidgeted with his belt and jeans. They soon joined the jeans on the floor. The final piece of clothing was his boxers, which easily slid off and were kicked away. He crawled back onto the bed once again towards George.

Dream licked his lips once again as he reached over and stopped the omega from continuing. "It's my turn," Dream growled with a large smirk on his face. He couldn't wait. The alpha maneuvered the omega's hand around Dream's dick to rub the excess slick and lube onto it. He paused as he spoke again, "Do you have enough slick for me?"

George's nod was subtle as he seemed to be much more focused on Dream's body. He was defined enough, but still had pudgy in places on his body. He looked like this ever since he was in college. His tanned skin was nice while also being littered with various freckles. Of course, Dream also watched his eyes drift down to Dream's dick- visibly erect as he tried to line himself up with George's hole.

Dream inserted the tip in carefully as he watched the omega beside him. "All at once, Dream. I want you to bottom out and use me," George whimpered in response as he tried to push himself deeper into the alpha's dick. Dream swallowed, wondering if this was really such a good idea, before nodding. He didn't want to upset his omega.

He grabbed onto the omega's hips to make sure he got a firm grip of him before he pushed himself in quickly. His grip was quite tight to the point that Dream knew he was going to leave bruises in the shape of his fingers. George squealed in pain and pleasure as he took all of Dream in. Dream could feel him tighten around his dick as he tried to adjust to the sudden inclusion.

"You're taking me so well," Dream purred softly to the omega as he allowed the omega time to adjust. Dream was more used to slowly entering George and not all at once. Of course, he'd do whatever his omega wanted him to do. He'd never refuse something that George wanted so badly.

It took almost a minute until George was finally comfortable with the position they were in. He began to fidget with his body to get Dream to move- which Dream was more than willing to do. The alpha in him took over as he began to thrust into George. He was being a bit rougher than usual at first before he fully submitted and began to aggressively pound into the omega.

The beautiful mewls and moans flooding from George as Dream began to abuse his hole were almost like a symphony. Dream's inner alpha was preening and purring with pride as George's fist balled up the blankets he was laying on. His grasp on the omega's hips were tight as he brought himself in and out of his warm and wet hole.

Dream's instinct was to bite down on the exposed bonding gland on the back of his neck, but he stopped himself. He had too much restraint to bond with George right now. It would probably be somewhat of an embarrassing story. If he was doing this while rutting, there would be no way he could possibly be stopped.

"Dream!" George squealed as the alpha aggressively brushed against the smaller boy's prostate. That sent Dream's mind spinning with joy as he realized that he knew the best way to pleasure his omega more. He licked his lips as he turned to aggressively thrust towards that area instead.

"You like that, Georgie?" Dream purred as he angled himself inside of his omega. The warmth began to bubble up inside of him, and he wondered how long he could hold out. It probably wasn't that much longer, honestly, but he wanted his omega to be as pleased as he was.

George became like puddly underneath the alpha as Dream began to abuse his prostate. He couldn't help all the noises and sounds that leaked out of his mouth. The moans were loud and lewd as they filled the air. "Fuck," George mewled before Dream pounded into him again and caused him to scream, "Dream!"

"I love the noises you make for me," Dream growled. His voice was rough as he continued to pant

and growl. He couldn't contain the alpha within him from rearing its head whenever he got hot and heavy with his boyfriend. Of course, the same was very true with George. Dream's eyes glistened as he continued, "All for me. These noises are all for me to enjoy."

George nodded, his face pressed up to the mattress as he seemed to not really have much energy to pick it up. Plenty of small noises slipped from George as he seemed to lose the ability to keep them in. On top of that, he also yelped whenever Dream made contact with his prostate head on. His pupils were blown out as he tried to look at Dream as he took him from behind. His face was sweaty and red as he panted out, "Dream, I-I'm..."

"Mhm, I know baby," Dream grunted as he tried to ride himself into his own climax. His hands were still clinging tightly to the smaller man's hips as he held him in place.

He took another thrust and watched as George released the loudest, lewdest moan Dream had heard in a while. Cum very clearly stained the omega's panties as he came over himself. This pushed Dream over the edge. The alpha moaned himself as he felt his knot form in George while he began to release his seed.

Together, the pair rode out their highs. Dream felt like he was seeing stars and wondered if the experience was as good for George as it was for him. From what he saw of George while fucking him, he was clearly blissed out of his mind.

When the pair finally came down from the pure ecstasy from their climaxes, they met each other's eyes. Dream could only smile as he watched the heterochromatic gaze of his partner meet his own eyes. The smile on his face was precious.

"Was that good for you, Georgie?" Dream purred softly as he adjusted their position so that he was spooning George. It was much nicer than the omega laying on his face, smooshed into the blankets. George certainly didn't mind as he pushed himself back to snuggle into the alpha. Dream instinctively wrapped his arms around the omega to hold him in place. If he kept moving like this, he could dislodge the alpha's knot.

"Yeah," George breathed out softly as he brought his hands up to wrap around Dream's arms. They might be placed around him, but he couldn't help feeling the warm touch of his alpha.

"Sorry about your panties," Dream chuckled lightly as he squeezed George in his arms. He was careful with his movements as he knew that George would probably need some time after the roughness of their sex. "They were so pretty, but you teased me with the open entrance."

"We can throw them in the wash. If they're ruined, I can buy new ones," George murmured in response. A yawn quickly snuck its way out of his mouth. Despite trying to keep his voice low, Dream could tell that his voice was shot. There was no way his omega would speak louder than a whisper tomorrow. He shook his head lightly before continuing, "I got them from a store in the mall. We can check it out together sometime and try some other things out."

"Go to sleep, George," Dream purred softly as he nuzzled his face against the omega's neck. He was gentle as he watched the omega flinch slightly since the fresh bite marks were still rather raw. "I'll wake you up when my knot deflates, okay? We'll clean you up a bit then."

"Mmm," George responded softly, his breathing slowed into a rhythmic fashion. He dozed off rather quickly after their fun night. Apparently, that took a lot out of the omega. Dream felt pride washing off of him.

He spent the rest of their time waiting carefully resting beside the omega. He inhaled the sweet vanilla scent that oozed out of the bonding gland as he rested softly. Dream was content and happy.

George was all he ever wanted and needed.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

my GNF hoodie is legit one town away but it won't be delivered until Friday hnmng

update on the hoodie: it delivered about three hours after I posted this

George woke up with a loud whine as he tried to adjust his sleeping position but only found himself in pain. He felt terrible and terrific at the same time. His body must still be running on the high he had last night. George hoped that would last until he finished healing after the absolute mess Dream made of him last night.

Light was streaming in from their windows meaning that it must be some point in the day. Based solely on the amount of light filtering into the room, George could only guess that it was around ten. He reached out and grabbed his phone to check the time. Not at all interestingly, the omega noticed that his phone declared the time to be about eleven thirty. Damn, George was wrong. He sighed and put his phone back on the counter.

As he moved his body to put his phone down, he groaned out in pain. It was strenuous to move much at all, honestly, and George wanted to stay in one spot for the rest of his time. He shifted his neck and grunted once again in pain as he felt lightning shoot through his body. A large source of his pain was coming from the area surrounding his neck and collarbone. George knew exactly what it was.

His hand reached up to his collarbone and neck where there were various indentations of teeth marks. Dream was very aggressive last night... which George found to be obsessively hot. He wished that Dream was like that more often, so maybe the omega would just need to tease him more often. He loved to see the alpha in Dream rear its head during sex- especially in times not in heat.

Ugh- George hid his face in his elbow as he remembered a moment from last night. He was such an idiot. He cried. He genuinely cried because he was overwhelmed. It wasn't like that was the first time he was bit by Dream or teased before they had sex. He assumed it was probably because he wasn't used to the immense amount of bites Dream was planning on inflicting on George's body. It definitely broke the moment, but he was glad they got back into it anyway. George hoped he never did that again.

As he got out of his foggy sleep, he realized that Dream wasn't beside him. His eyes went wide as he raised his nose to scent around. There were only traces of his scent in the room, the pine and citrus smelling faint and far away. His mind began to panic before he remembered that it was Thursday. Dream was at work- god George. Calm down a minute...

And that caused a loud groan to release from George's lips. The first sign of his preheat was almost always clinginess (to Dream specifically, but that was just a minor detail). Great- he would feel horrible for today and tomorrow when Dream was at work. On top of that, he'd probably get sweaty and start nesting.

As for today, the omega grunted as he pushed himself up. His body was screaming at him to stay

in one place and not move for the rest of his life. Dream really ruined him, huh? Hopefully that wouldn't be too bad for his heat. He should heal enough in time for his heat... hopefully, that is.

He pushed himself out of the bed and realized that he would struggle to walk today. Ugh- great! Well, at least George didn't have anything that he needed to do, right?

With a grunt, the omega stepped towards the mirror to fully examine the damage done to him. He probably could've looked at it last night when they cleaned up after Dream's knot deflated, but he was much too tired to ever think of doing that.

His neck and collarbone were absolutely covered in hickeys and even a few bite marks. The omega also knew that he had some hickeys and a bite on his thighs. He gently twisted his leg to get a full look at the damage- wow. His once pale, porcelain-like skin was now absolutely littered with love marks from Dream.

Despite how into biting Dream seemed to be last night, he was still careful around George's bonding mark. The omega glanced in the mirror and touched the soft spot gently. It caused him to shutter from just the gentle touch as he stared at the clear skin. The area around it was ruined by Dream's mouth last night but not the spot itself.

George wondered if he didn't mark him because he wanted to wait or thought that the situation with George was only temporary. He wanted so badly for it to be the first option and not the second, but his mind couldn't help but wander.

"Stop that," George hissed quietly to himself. His voice was raspy as he spoke and he realized that he wouldn't be able to say much else louder than that. He grabbed his face with his hands and shook his head. He never understood why he always thought about things like this despite knowing the opposite was true. Dream loved him a lot- to the point that he apparently bought him something special. What that special thing was? George had no idea.

He was not-so-secretly hoping that it was an engagement ring. The idea of marrying Dream was a fantasy of his that only grew as of recently. He texted Karl and Bad about it and both of them said that it was a possibility. George huffed and puffed to them about how it could be, but they continued to fuck around with the possibility it wasn't.

After that discussion, George texted Sapnap to see what he thought. The alpha responded very awkwardly, honestly. He said something along the lines of 'haha wouldn't that be so crazy lol haha.' It made it seem like Sapnap was very nervous about something involving an engagement ring. If the omega from the sex toy shop didn't say that it was George, he would've assumed that Sapnap might be proposing to his partners.

The omega glanced down and noticed that the shirt the alpha was wearing yesterday was placed at his feet. It was almost like it was supposed to be here for George. The small man smiled as he carefully bent down and grabbed the article of clothing. He could feel the purrs ripple from his throat as he smelled the warm scent of pine and citrus emanate from the shirt.

He exhaled softly and hobbled his way back into bed with the shirt in hand. His projects were all done, so he really didn't have much to do today. He could be coding for fun or playing minecraft (two things he did in his spare time), but he certainly didn't feel like it. All he wanted was to lay down and cuddle with Dream. Be close to Dream. Dream.

Preheat was one hell of an experience. He spent all of his time worried over Dream and when he was coming home. Oh right, he was jealous because of his preheat. He found himself worried whenever Dream wasn't home and automatically assumed the worst. He wasn't mated to Dream,

so he didn't feel the connection to stay with George.

George whined softly as he placed himself back into bed. It was partially because of the thought of Dream leaving him and partially because of the bruises and marks that littered his skin. He was gonna have a tough time finding the proper sleeping position if he decided to take a nap now. It will probably be so much worse when George wants to cuddle up with Dream that night.

He tried his next to find a comfortable position and nestled into the spot. He brought the shirt close to his face and inhaled the scent that swirled off of it. The blankets smelled like him, but the shirt smelled so much more. George hummed in delight as he cuddled with the item in his hand. As much as he wished it was the real thing, he knew it was as close as he would get at the time.

With a gentle sigh, the omega closed his eyes. He should probably just go back to sleep. His body was exhausted after last night in all honesty. On top of that, his body was also screaming at him to conserve his energy for his upcoming heat. It would start on Monday if his schedule was correct (something that he didn't weigh into as much after the whole college incident). Sleeping would be good.

After their rough sex last night (and the deflating of the knot), Dream spent a lot of time caring for George. The omega was very tired after the whole experience, honestly. Dream was soft with his movements as he helped George out afterwards. Dream softly hummed sweet nothings to him while he carefully wiped George off and helped him out of his ruined panties (and his skirt) before helping him into some new underwear. George absolutely loved whenever Dream was soft and caring as much as he did when he was rough and aggressive.

The difference in George's love for his softness and aggression was in the situation. He loved whenever the alpha got aggressive when they were in the bedroom. Rough sex was something that George could certainly find himself enjoying much more often (but he'd have to wait for the bruises and marks to clear up). On the other hand, Dream's softness was perfect in day to day life and aftercare. It was beautiful to watch his alpha shift between them so effortlessly.

He saw that in action while they were in the heat of the moment. George's hand absentmindedly grazed the bite mark on his thigh as he thought about the experience. Dream went from aggressively biting and claiming him with all his love marks to gentle and sweet when he realized that George was crying. The softness of his tone was almost directly opposite what he was doing mere moments before.

Dream had always been very caring towards him. He could remember back in college when they had spent George's heat together for the very first time. After they both finished that week, Dream helped him shower and walk around the dorms the next few days because of his weak legs.

That, of course, wasn't the only time that happened. After every one of George's heats, Dream helped George into the shower and they cleaned themselves off together. It became sort of a tradition that they did back in college. In fact, that tradition translated into their adult life as well. It felt so perfect to just have small signs of love after being heavily intimate with one another for a full week.

George chuckled lightly as he thought about college. The pair almost missed their graduation because George went into heat. Thank god it ended before they actually had their graduation date. George thought that would've been one of the most embarrassing things to ever occur. 'I missed my college graduation because I went into heat, haha.'

On the other hand, George wouldn't have been alone in the whole 'missing graduation because of heat' situation. The lesbian omega that Dream knew from their classes (the one that George used to

believe Dream was in a relationship with, oops) missed their graduation because of it. From what he was told by Dream, she spent that day with her lover instead of in the stuffy outfits they had to wear. George felt sort of envious and wondered if he would've liked it better if his heat just lasted a little longer.

Then again, if they did miss their graduation because of George's heat, Sapnap would never let them hear the end of it. He was still picking on the pair of them despite the fact that they got together so long ago. Secretly, George loved whenever Sapnap picked on them about their relationship. It showed that he cared. Would he ever say that to the black-haired alpha? No, of course not.

His mind shifted to his roommates from college. God, he missed spending time with them. He spent Sunday with Karl and Bad, sure, but he sometimes wished he was still living with his friends. The same four individuals lived in the dorms together, but Bad and Sapnap's partners came over every day. At that point, they pretty much moved in as well. It was rough now that they were older and had things they had to do. George wished that he actually worked in an office instead of at home sometimes as he thought that would distract him.

Thinking about it now, maybe they should all hang out together some time. George would be alright with doing that and he imagined that all the others would as well. It would be nice to actually catch up with everyone and not just the other two omegas in their friend group. He could feel a small smile worm its way onto his face as he thought of this.

He silently debated about sending a text to everyone about doing that, but instantly rejected it. He was far too tired and sore to even think about moving from that spot. Honestly, he probably wouldn't even be able to find another comfortable spot if he moved again. On top of that, he'd have to move the shirt away from his face if he wanted to text someone. He was certainly not going to do that. Silently, the omega agreed with himself that he'd get Dream to text them when he woke up later.

George's mind grew fuzzy as he began to drift away from consciousness. He wasn't actively trying to fall asleep, but he also wasn't trying to stay awake either. He was just letting his mind run wild with thoughts as he laid in bed with his nose pressed up against a shirt that belonged to his lover. A normal day if you'd ask him in preheat.

Something deep inside of George's mind was telling him that he was forgetting something. Something very important. It was almost at the tip of his tongue for what it was, but didn't manage to actually get that far. Unfortunately for that thought, it was almost instantly dragged away from the front of his head kicking and screaming. Nothing was going to distract the love-stricken omega as he curled himself up on the bed.

When the omega would wake up later, he'd be able to see Dream. That made him smile and purr softly at the thought. As he began to slip further away from solid consciousness, the omega couldn't help as all of his thoughts shifted to that of his lover. He loved him more than anything else in the world and couldn't believe that they were together. George hugged the shirt close as he continued to softly purr over Dream.

His breathing grew slow and even as he continued to slip away. The process was slow as his brain began to turn off the areas of consciousness to allow him to rest properly. It didn't take that much longer until the omega was softly surrounded by dreams. Dreams about what? Dream (ironic, right?). The experience was perfect for the omega to take his mind off of things.

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

I'm not telling any of you anything smh

am I foreshadowing or being a tease?

Dream sighed as he pushed open the door to his house. The workday had been rather long in his head. The tall alpha just wanted to get back home and spend time with his omega. He knew that George was going into preheat very soon, so he was most likely going to be lonely when Dream was not there. Speaking of his omega, where the hell was George? The omega, especially during preheat, came running to greet Dream whenever he came home.

He kicked off his shoes and glanced around. He didn't see him anywhere- and certainly didn't smell him in the adjacent rooms. He hummed quietly as he turned towards the staircase. There was no way George went out- he almost never went out around the time that Dream came home... again, especially if he was in preheat. Dream smiled as he stepped towards the stairs. The faint scent of vanilla seemed to be wafting down. The alpha couldn't help himself as he hurried his way up the stairs to look around for the omega.

He was quite quick to find the smaller brunet resting within their room. At some point, he must've woken up and decided to nest in their bed. Their bedding was shifted into a bundle in which he was laying on. He also seemed to have dug out some of Dream's dirty laundry and covered the nest with them.

George looked so precious in this position. He was curled up peacefully as if he was in a metaphorical heaven surrounded by Dream's scent. His hickeys were dark purple on his neck and thighs, but it just made his skin look paler. Dream had to fight himself from going over to George and making more.

As much as he wanted to join George in snuggling in the new nest, he knew that the omega probably hadn't had anything to eat. After their fun last night, he knew that George might have some difficulty walking around much more than around their room. He was able to do that if the nest filled with Dream's dirty laundry was any sign.

Quickly, the alpha stepped into their room and stripped off his work clothing and dressed up in some pajamas. He knew that he would most likely just spend the rest of the night in bed, so he decided just to stay in the more comfortable clothing.

He quickly scooped up his work clothes and brought them to George's nest. He placed the newest smelling clothes close to his face to allow him to feel more comfortable. Dream absolutely knew that George loved his scent, so he just wanted to help. It seemed that, as soon as the omega noticed the new strong scent, he began to purr while curling his way closer to it.

Dream could feel his heart swell with love as he watched his omega snuggle with the clothes. He knew that the omega was just missing him and wanted to snuggle with him. Dream would never admit it, but he absolutely loved preheat George. Don't get him wrong, he absolutely loved George all the time, but he enjoyed the extra clinginess and attraction.

He hummed softly as he took a final glance at his partner before hurrying out of the room. If he hung around any longer, the omega would probably notice that there was a stronger source of the scent... that being Dream himself. George would probably get upset and force him to cuddle together with him... not that Dream would really complain.

But his boyfriend needed to eat. The omega needed to load up on carbs before his heat or else he'd run out of energy during most of it. Dream remembers back in college when they spent George's first heat together. George was exhausted after that span of only four days. Since George went on birth control, his heats became longer, so he needed to get much more rest and carbs beforehand.

He stepped down the stairs and into the kitchen to cook something up. He wasn't entirely sure what he should make, honestly, since he wasn't too interested in cooking. Maybe it'd be better if he ordered something online instead. Well, Dream would feel bad if he didn't go out of his way to make something for George.

After some more debating, he turned to the fridge and opened the door. What did they even have? His eyes scanned through it and landed on the jar of sauce they had. They did have some pasta noodles inside of their cabinet, so maybe he could just cook up some spaghetti. There were also some meatballs in the freezer that he could cook as well.

With that, the alpha went to work. He grabbed one of their pots and filled it up with water before setting it on the stove. While he was there, he also made sure to preheat the oven for his meatballs. Next, he grabbed the noodles out of the cabinet and set them down on the counter. Following that, Dream dug through the freezer and pulled out a bag of frozen meatballs. He put them down on a pan and waited for the oven to beep.

He busied himself around the kitchen with cooking and making sure everything was actually... cooking properly. It didn't take him that long until he managed to finish everything and plate it. He decided to cook all the noodles and meatballs that night and store whatever they didn't eat.

While Dream usually ate more than average due to being an alpha, he always made sure that he ate a bit more in advance to George's heats. He needed some more energy if he was, too, going to fuck for a week straight. His own body wasn't as needy before the incidents, but that was usually due to the fact that he didn't really have a regular rut cycle anymore.

His ruts occurred whenever he smelled the scent of George while in heat. That happened to all alphas who were in relationships with omegas- but it was much stronger in bonded pairs. Since he didn't have a normal routine, he didn't really grow that aggressive like he used to whenever he was right before a rut. On top of that, his body didn't need to rut every three months like it was supposed to- thank god for that.

He scooped up the two plates in his hands. He had briefly debated waking George up and bringing him downstairs to eat, but he determined that it would be much better if he just brought it up to their room. If they got it on any of their blankets or Dream's clothing, they could just wash them.

Dream was wobbly at first as he held onto the two hot plates, but he managed to get a more stable grasp on them as he continued. The alpha was quick to go to the stairs and walk up them to get back to his beloved omega. He entered their room quickly and set them down on their nightstand. He needed to wake George up before they ate, of course.

This was always his favorite part. The alpha stepped towards him carefully and gently wrapped his way over the omega's body. He hummed softly as he placed some gentle kisses against the omega's face and neck (but not the bonding gland or too hard on any of the hickeys littering his neck) as he tried to get his attention.

“Georgie, it’s time to wake up,” Dream purred softly between the kisses. He continued to pepper his boyfriend’s face with pecks as he tried to get the omega’s attention through the movements and words. On top of that, his scent should also alert him to Dream being nearby at least.

The omega grunted as he tried to adjust his position underneath Dream. He seemed to be upset that there was something on top of him before realizing that something about the mass above him was much more pleasing than upsetting. His purring quieted but didn’t disappear completely.

“Dream?” George groggily questioned, his eyes opening slightly to peer up at the person above him. He really didn’t need to ask since he could smell the strong scent of pine and citrus wafting their way off of the alpha’s body.

“Ding ding ding,” Dream laughed lightly. He placed another kiss against the omega’s lips gently before standing up and grabbing one of the plates from the nightstand. He waited for the omega to wake up more and shift into a sitting position before he handed him the plate of spaghetti.

The omega yawned before he was provided the warm plate. His eyes went wide as he glanced up at Dream, his attention previously being fully focused on the alpha and not on the food mere feet away. “Oh, you cooked dinner? I could’ve helped-”

“No,” Dream said quickly as he grabbed his own plate and made his way onto the bed. He was careful to place himself next to the omega while not messing up the nest he made- George was very particular about his nest. Unlike most omegas, George tended to nest in a more “public” area (on their bed as opposed to the closet) and quite often. Most other omegas that Dream knew only really nested whenever they didn’t have partners. “I didn’t want to stress you, baby. You’re in preheat, right? You need all the rest you can get.”

George’s eyes were as wide as they were soft as they stared at Dream. They were all the thanks the alpha needed to see. With a small smile, he began to dig into his food and watched as George did the same. If Dream had to guess, the omega hadn’t eaten anything all day. He was probably exhausted after last night and from preheat, so his body needed to recover and prepare.

Both of them inhaled their food as though they hadn’t eaten anything else for the past year. Dream was careful not to get anything on the bed, though, as he wasn’t that interested in doing laundry. It would also be very difficult since George would not want anything to leave his nest.

The closest thing he did to getting out the nest was to set the plate down. George shifted over and placed the plate on the nightstand- but was quickly interrupted by Dream grabbing it in his hand.

“What, we’re just gonna leave dirty dishes in our room?” Dream tutted softly with a smirk crossing his cheeks. “These need to go down to the kitchen.”

There was a pause for a moment. George whined loudly as he realized that meant Dream had to physically get up and leave. Despite his want for his alpha, the rational side of his brain told him that he shouldn’t leave dirty plates in their room- even if George thought it would just be a night.

Dream was quick with going to the kitchen. He, also, made sure to rinse off the plates just enough to make the sauce not dry onto the plates. Following that, he placed them in the dishwasher. There was not enough inside of the machine to acceptably allow him to run it, so he just closed it.

The trip back upstairs was quick as Dream knew how much George wanted him. Plus, George’s scent was becoming sweeter due to the oncoming heat. It was also very thick in the air around them. The scent drove the alpha inside of him crazy as he wanted to get back. He wanted to bury his nose into the smaller man’s bonding gland.

And so that's what he did when he went back. George happily squirmed over in his next to allow room for the taller man. Dream hummed softly as he tossed himself in the side of the bed and wrapped himself pleasantly around George. The omega almost immediately began to purr viciously while snuggling himself close to Dream.

Dream could only chuckle lightly as he began to card his fingers through George's wonderfully fluffy brown hair. Somehow, this seemed to intensify the already loud purring emitting from the smaller man's throat.

"I love you Georgie," Dream mumbled. His eyes were soft and doe-y as he stared down at the sleepy and amazingly happy omega. God- he loved George so much. He would do anything for the man cuddling right up against him.

"Love you too," George mewled softly as he brought himself impossibly closer to the other man. The position might've been uncomfortable in other situations, but the circumstances surrounding it today made it feel perfectly fine.

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

I wondered in the beginning if I should've not added the tags until it became relevant, but it seems that everyone loves to speculate... is it now? did it happen yet? did it already happen? or will I do the kinda bullshit I pulled in the previous story and make you guys wait like 50 chapters?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The following three days passed similarly Dream had to go to work the next day, but George tried not to work himself up too badly. It was just one last day of him being away before they had all the time in the world to cuddle. It was... difficult, but he managed to get it under control before Dream came back.

Those days also had another thought occasionally crossing his mind. He needed to remember something, but he just couldn't. In his preheat brain, he couldn't really remember much that didn't really go by the name 'Dream.' With the way it kept popping up in his head, though, it seemed to be more important than he actually remembered.

Monday was the day that George's heat was supposed to come. The omega made sure to continue to mark when his heats were supposed to come, but he also made sure not to follow them to heart like he did in college. Speaking of, today was, in fact, Monday.

George awoke in a flurry of emotions. He felt needy and clingy all the while the sharp edge of horniness flashed in the middle. He gasped loudly as he felt the wave of pain hit around his gut as he felt the heat hit him much like a truck. It felt like a wave of fire all over him while heightening his emotions- and hindering his attention.

He hadn't had his heat feel like this in a while, if he was being honest. The last time he had his heat hit like this was back in college. All of his heats generally felt very similar to one another- and they would still feel almost identical to the one he was feeling right then. Of course, though, George knew that something was different and he couldn't quite pinpoint why.

The wave of heat that crashed into him felt much more intense. Something, probably his inner omega, was clawing its way out of him and trying to make its way into the world. His need to be bred felt like it was much stronger than before. He could feel the excess amount of slick dripping out of his hole and onto the nest- which happened to be filled with their comforter and all of Dream's clothing that he wore in the past week.

In his stupor, he immediately shook himself out of his clothes. The heat that was settling all over his body was causing him to feel an unbearable amount of sweat build up on his pale skin. Unfortunately, removing his clothing didn't seem to help the sweltering heat that was surrounding him.

As he writhed around from the heat swirling around him and the unbearable horniness that laced his body like a drug, his mind blanked on every thought except one. One very important thought to George right then and there. Dream. His alpha. Alpha. His eyes immediately shifted to the blond alpha who was actually sleeping next to him right then and there.

Dream's face was very soft as he slept. All his thoughts and worries slipped away whenever he was asleep, so his eyebrows were pleasantly soft on his forehead. The freckles that coated his cheeks were beautiful as they hid beneath the slight pink warmth that flushed his skin. In a different state of mind, George would press kisses against that beautiful face. Instead, he wanted the man to fuck him until he couldn't walk anymore.

George was already hard beyond belief while slick leaked out from his hole. He needed to be filled by his alpha immediately. He needed Dream inside of him. Needed his dick to fill him up. Needed the knot to function and survive. His brain went to mush almost instantly as he continued to keen over at the thought of Dream buried deep within him.

A loud whine pierced the air as George wanted Dream inside of him like two seconds ago and the blond wasn't even awake yet. In his haze, he seemed to not remember that he had the complete ability to wake Dream up from his restful state. That's heat for you.

Dream's eyes instantly popped open as soon as he heard the unbelievably sad whine escape from deep within George's throat. His first instinct was to grab the omega next to him and begin to soothe him down. His half-awake stupor seemed to mentally block out that George was currently in heat. His soothing scent poured out of him like a broken dam as he tried to calm George down.

The warm embrace from Dream was everything that George both wanted and didn't want at the same time. The closeness of his alpha while the scent of pine and citrus wafted around the room was enough to make George purr loudly, but the distress that laced from his inner omega from not being fucked was much more overpowering.

He struggled his way against the physically larger and stronger man before he was released from the half-asleep man's grip. While almost any other day he would be celebrating the cuddling aspect, today was certainly not that day. He didn't want to be just touched, he wanted to be absolutely ruined.

The omega's mind immediately went to the alpha's dick. That was what he needed right now. He knew that it was hidden away from the world by his pants, but that wouldn't last too long. The omega went to work quickly as he tried to pull down the other man's boxers. Dream didn't sleep in anything but boxers, so that certainly gave the omega something to look at while he was ultimately failing at pulling down Dream's boxers. Seriously, how is that even a hard thing to do?

"George, what are you-" His sentence died in his mouth quickly as he seemed to finally get a proper taste of the smell wading around the room. It might've taken him so long since they were laying in a nest made up of only Dream's scent- George's own scent seemed to be washed away before the heat hit. His heat caused his scent to pour out of him like a waterfall as he tried to attract a mate. His mate.

Dream immediately shot up from his position in the nest to place his face right against the omega's bonding gland on his neck. The omega preened as he felt the blond's nose rub up right against the tender bit of flesh on his body. Noticing this, the alpha pressed his nose against the spot deeper causing George to moan loudly.

"Alpha~" George moaned softly as he buried himself into the scent gland located on Dream's neck. It was in the same spot that George's bonding gland was, but it didn't cause the same effects as the bonding gland did to the omega. He couldn't help but mirror the action as he inhaled the sweet scent of citrus swirling around with pine directly into his nostrils. His voice grew whiny and impatient as he continued, "Please, alpha. Need you. Right now."

"Needy- always so needy," Dream growled softly as he pushed George away from him. The

omega's response was to whine weakly as he lost the warmth that came from his alpha. A small chuckle escaped Dream's lips as he forced George down on the bed with his one hand. "We're gonna have to fix that."

"Please~" George purred as he began to squirm around on the bed. When the alpha's grip on him got stronger, he ceased his movements in favor of following the every wish and command of the stronger man. His brain blanked from every thought except for the need to get Dream's knot.

"So good to me," Dream purred as he leaned close to George. Even in his rut state, he always had a need to praise George. He, also, had the need to tease him however he could. It seemed to be just instinctual- part of his inner alpha that leaked out. "How badly do you need it, though?"

The smirk that crossed his cheeks was wonderful. If George was just a little more conscious, he would've retorted back with something at least somewhat witty. Instead, he just mewled weakly as his hands went to feel up the alpha's chest. His eyes were as wide as a cat's after just spotting a bird. Of course, in this situation, George was definitely not the hunter but, rather, the prey.

A hand was almost instantly wrapped around his wrists as his fingers were ripped away from the blond man's chest. His glazed over eyes moved upwards to stare directly into the strong green eyes that bore back into his own. They were similarly laced with lust and attraction as they stared at one another.

"I need words, omega," Dream spoke in a low growl as he brought his face right up against the omegas. Their faces were merely an inch apart as Dream seemed to be searching for something inside of George's eyes. Of course, both of them were lost to the subsequent haze that fell during heats and ruts.

"Yes, please," George mewled weakly, his eyes never faltering as they stared hungrily into the green eyes floating above his. There was a momentary pause before he continued, "Alpha, need your knot. Breed me. Please. Want your pups." He swallowed weakly as he moved up to close the distance.

Dream didn't move away. Instead, he surged forward and closed the distance before George could. Their mouths met quickly before Dream hastily made his way into his omega's mouth. He didn't seem to care much about what was happening as George moaned pathetically into Dream's mouth.

The heated moment ended as Dream pulled away just slightly. He held George's bottom lip between his teeth before biting down. The omega squealed at the pain but writhed in the pleasure. Dream's expression changed to a smirk before he pulled away and dropped George's lip from between his teeth.

"So pretty, omega," Dream hummed softly as he seemed to run his eyes over the smaller man's body. Unfair considering George was fully nude while Dream at least had boxers to cover him up. George wanted him to get rid of those in the next minute or else there would certainly be hell to pay. "You're mine. My omega. Gonna make sure the entire neighborhood knows that. Make sure you scream nice and loud for me."

George's frantic nodding was followed by a loud yelp as he suddenly felt the alpha bite down on an area next to his neck. It wasn't his bonding gland, but it sure was close. The bite wasn't as painful as it probably sounded to an outsider, the surprise was just a lot for the clearly hazed out omega.

Dream did the same thing to some other spots on his neck, collarbone, shoulders, and chest. George started to squirm around at the midway point, but was immediately stopped by the fierce grip of his

boyfriend above him. He didn't want to upset Dream, so he resorted to soft whines to show his distaste.

"You're such a slut," Dream scoffed as he pulled away to admire his work. George couldn't exactly see the damage, but he could certainly feel it. The previous bruises and hickeys had just lightened up to the point of barely being noticeable, but now they were replaced. He licked his lips before continuing, "My slut."

George purred at the derogatory name, his eyes heavily glazed over. Heat-hazed George found it just as hot as normal George did. Dream didn't really use it that often unless he was stricken by his rut. The omega certainly didn't care as long as he heard the words directed towards him by his lover in this situation.

He shivered when he felt Dream's fingers make their way around his sensitive, oozing hole. The omega swallowed heavily as he wondered if Dream was going to push his fingers in. Thank god- George felt like he was waiting for ages before he actually did anything.

Unfortunately for him, the action was not as he had hoped. Dream only scooped up the slick that had been leaking out of him like a steady stream. He managed to get a handful before pulling away quickly. George wanted to groan and whine and complain. He wanted to do anything to make the alpha hurry up and fuck him until he couldn't keep his eyes open.

A strong hand wrapped its way around George's visible erection. The smaller man's eyes widened impossibly wide as he turned his attention to his lover. His movements began slowly as he worked to get George off. The pace increased steadily as he watched the omega's breath hitch and face flush.

While the omega should be enjoying the motion (don't get him wrong, he loved it), his brain screamed at him to be bred. He couldn't just accept the handjob- he needed more. Much, much more. It seemed like Dream was trying his best to tease and tempt the omega despite the fact how much the both of them wanted this. George's want was evident, but Dream's want was similarly so. His boxers had a strong tent within them that seemed to make George's face blush a deeper color.

George's back arched as he felt himself spiraling down the familiar path of his orgasm. His breathing became heavy like a pant while his mewls and moans filled the room. Before he was actually able to reach his climax, though, Dream quickly pulled away. This left behind a rather confused yet hazy George.

"Did you think I'd let you finish?" Dream growled, his eyes glittering as he adjusted their positions. When he got into a better position, he continued, "You finish when I want you to, omega." He was quick to remove his boxers, allowing his dick to spring out from the fabric and into the air.

George practically drooled as soon as it was finally revealed. It wasn't like George never saw it before, but he always acted like he didn't. George was always just amazed by his partner and the sheer size of him compared to others. George mewled weakly as he wrapped his legs around Dream's waist.

The response to that was a finger inside of him. George yelped at the surprise. Dream pushed his entire middle finger inside of the omega- giving him no chance to slowly adjust. George absolutely did not mind the pain, though, but Dream seemed to relent by allowing George to adjust to the new addition inside of him.

George purred softly as he fully got adjusted to the finger inside of him. Dream took this and immediately began to stretch out the omega by pumping his finger in and out of him. It didn't take him that long until he inserted a second finger as well to help with the stretch. And a third. The entire time, the alpha was careful to not brush against the sensitive area of the smaller man.

As George grew accustomed to the third finger, he waited for the fourth one to join in. Unfortunately for George, a fourth finger never joined. Instead, the three pulled their way out and made their way close to Dream's face. As tradition, the alpha cleaned his fingers with his tongue while maintaining eye contact with George.

George's eyes were staring directly into the blond's own eyes. The eye contact was speaking everything and nothing at the same exact time. George was asking why did Dream stop while Dream gave absolutely no hints as to why he decided not to continue.

The omega groaned softly as he wondered if this was more teasing. He didn't want to be teased anymore- he wanted to be bred! He should've been bred ten minutes ago, honestly. Stupid Dream for being such a fucking dick when he became full alpha. He was so cocky and full of himself- always teasing George whenever he could.

He opened his mouth to ask Dream what he was doing only to be stopped quite forcefully. The alpha had inserted the head of his dick inside of the omega's slick filled hole quickly. The words that tried to make their way out of his mouth turned into a loud scream before toning down to a low groan.

The omega was not properly stretched. He was stretched, sure, but not for Dream's entirety. He knew that the sheer thickness of Dream would probably hurt like a bitch as soon as he pushed more in. He, also, knew that Dream was doing this on purpose. Why would he decide to be gentle on him, huh?

Thankfully, Dream was gentle as he pushed his way inside of George. He made sure to watch George's reactions and ask him how it felt occasionally, but his response was usually mumbled between pain and lust. Dream... had a difficult time seriously determining it half the time, only for George to whine out that he wanted more.

It didn't take too long until Dream fully bottomed out inside of George. The omega keened at the feeling, a shrill moan escaping from his lips as he felt the alpha's tip brush against his prostate.

"B-breed- fill m' with pups, please," he mewled loudly as he finally got fully adjusted to his lover's size inside of him. He grinded himself against Dream's dick in an attempt to force him into fucking him senseless.

Thank God for George that seemed to work. The alpha almost immediately set up a brutal pace inside of the omega. The alpha inside of him always caused him to grow aggressive and honestly rough during sex, but the omega inside of George absolutely didn't mind. George liked it better that way, honestly.

"Such a little slut for my cock, aren't you?" Dream growled as he angled his thrusts directly towards the omega's prostate. This left no room for the omega to respond beside the honestly sluttish moans that flowed freely from his mouth. If he wasn't in the haze of heat, he would probably be much more embarrassed about how loud he was.

George babbled out the closest he could get to a 'yes' in response once he managed to finally get a grasp once again on reality (well, as much as he could in heat while getting absolutely pounded). His hands gripped tightly on the blankets used to make the nest as the clothes were determined to

be much too “moveable.”

The omega felt the warmth that usually accompanied his climax find its way into his gut. His breathing became heavy pants as his face contorted to show his undeniable pleasure in the moment.

Dream seemed to notice this. His eyes narrowed as he stared down at the squirming and writhing omega he was brutally thrusting into. His hand reached up and grabbed the brunet's chin within his hand to jerk his attention towards the blond.

George immediately found his eyes falling directly into the green eyes of Dream's. It was a struggle to keep himself focused as he felt the need to cum immediately. He fought the urge to screw his eyes shut as the alpha continued to slam their bodies together quickly and at a heart wrenching pace.

“Wait,” Dream commanded with a low growl. The omega felt shivers down his spine as he wanted to follow the order. It was the omega within him that made him follow any orders his alpha made whenever they were in a heat/rut space.

“‘M tryin’,” George mumbled softly as he finally couldn't maintain his attention on his partner. His eyes screwed shut instinctively as he felt a particularly hard thrust ram right against his prostate. He practically screamed in pleasure as fat tears managed to roll their way down his cheeks.

George, unfortunately, couldn't keep it in any longer. White streaks forced their way out of his dick and covered the bodies of both Dream and George as the alpha continued with his repetitive in and out motions. George felt his brain spin as he felt the natural rush of a high that overlapped his mind.

“Pathetic,” Dream snarled, his eyes practically glowing. He quickly leaned down and bit down on the omega's shoulder, causing the smaller man to howl in pain and pleasure. George loved whenever the alpha got like this and decided to litter his body with his marks. Sometimes he'd regret them in the morning due to the pain, but he never regretted the pleasure in the moment.

“M' sorry,” George mewled softly as he slowly came down from the high. The heat was still strong inside of his mind as his body practically begged for the alpha's knot. There would be no change in this state unless Dream knotted him.

Tears softly rolled down his cheeks as he found himself in overstimulation. Dream was generally very careful not to push George into this place, but the alpha inside of him seemed to have pushed this out. The omega inside of George didn't care as long as it allowed him to be filled with Dream's seed and knot.

After a few moments, the movements of the alpha's thrusts began to stutter as he, himself, felt the orgasm come up on him. He groaned loudly as cum began to paint the smaller man's insides while the taller man's knot inflated. The pair were instantly locked together.

George immediately began to mumble out words in the vein of “thank you” to the alpha as he seemed to come down from his high. The heat haze seemed to waiver very slightly as he was finally knotted by his alpha partner. He felt a drowsy smile across his face as he reached his hands up to grab Dream inside of his palms.

“I love you,” Dream murmured when he finally came down from his high enough to shine in the afterglow of sex. His rut seemed to have staved off just enough for him to maintain a bit more consciousness like George was. He carefully adjusted their positions so that they would be much more comfortable than the previous pose.

George hummed softly in response to show his acknowledgement. He curled himself against the alpha's chest as purrs carefully rose their way from deep inside of his throat and filled the air. In response, the alpha began to carefully stroke his omega's hair to push some of the sweat drenched locks away from his forehead. If they weren't currently locked together by the alpha's knot, the scene might look rather domestic.

Chapter End Notes

next chapter is also gonna be heat stuff- guess I had some fun writing or something
haha

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

surprise :)

I wanted to post the second part of the heat sooner than the actual 'posting date' bc,,, I wanted to. The last chapter didn't really do shit for the plot, it was just smut, but this one has some plot relevance ;)

Dream grunted as he opened his eyes. The alpha huffed in annoyance as he pulled his somewhat flaccid cock out of the sleeping omega. The pair must've fallen asleep shortly after he knotted the omega only for it to deflate while they were sleeping.

He didn't really know this due to still being in a rut, but this was about four days after George's heat started. The nest was utterly filthy being covered in various different fluids such as cum, slick, sweat, and some spit. Did Dream currently care about this? No, absolutely not. Would Dream care about this when he eventually got out of his rut? Yes. It was *his* clothes that were currently coated in a layer of bodily fluids.

The alpha made no moves to wake up his omega. The smaller man was sleeping rather peacefully despite being in heat. It seemed that he was drained despite spending almost four days before his heat doing basically nothing but sleeping. Dream always wondered how George could sleep that much (well, he wondered that whenever he wasn't in a rut headspace).

He curled himself against the omega and snuggled himself against the warm scent that leaked out of him. The scent was much sweeter than his normal vanilla due to his heat- much like someone baking a very sweet vanilla cake. Or someone who just spilled a bottle of vanilla extract. Either way, it was delicious to the alpha.

Maybe a little too delicious. He could feel his body heat up while some of his blood rushed southern to assist with his rut. He groaned loudly as he tried to swell his instincts down for at least a few more minutes. George needed to regain his energy by sleeping and Dream was going to disrupt that with his boner.

He managed to keep himself calm for about a minute before his dick became too much for him to ignore. Quickly, the blond pushed himself away from George's side. He grunted softly as he moved his hand down to aggressively palm himself. His body wouldn't stop with his erection and overall need to breed until he knotted George, but he could at least stall his body down a bit by release.

The next moment had the alpha's hand wrapped around his cock while aggressively pumping his hand up and down the shaft. He had spit into hand when he first decided to get himself off. The saliva and precum that drooled out of his tip was all he had for lube in that moment. The actual lube that they had was located inside of the nightstand- and Dream was certainly not going to crawl over George to grab it.

His breathing became pants quickly as he worked on himself at a rough and brutal pace. The sex drive of alphas and omegas in ruts and heats respectively was relentless. He just wanted to get this

over with quickly so he could snuggle up against George again. While he wanted to fuck the omega, he couldn't allow himself to wake up the sleeping man.

Dream groaned as he bucked quickly into his hand. He was probably moving around too much considering that there was someone sleeping next to him, but the chase of his orgasm was too much for him to really remember. He felt the tightness in his gut as his dick screamed about how it wanted to release.

"W-without me?" George's voice was quiet and honestly sad, tears slipping down his face. Dream's eyes widened quickly with sadness and remorse as he removed his hand from his dick. His instinct was to wipe his hand away on the nest to get rid of the slickness from his hand. Dream felt like he just kicked a puppy with how wide the other man's pupils were.

The omega had squirmed away from Dream as much as he could while still being in a nest. To say the least, it wasn't far at all. His heat made it seem like he just watched Dream having sex with someone who wasn't him. He'd never do that! He was just pleasuring himself while the omega was asleep- he's allowed to do that.

Emotions were always heightened in heats and ruts as well. Increased sex drive and emotions- what a wonderful combination! Dream knew that the omega must feel like he was being rejected after seeing his partner deciding to pleasure himself when the omega was, in fact, right there.

Dream was quick to wrap his hands around the omega's face and bring him closer. His thumbs gently ran across his cheeks to wipe away the tears as they slid down his pale cheeks. He may be in a rut haze, but he still genuinely cared for the omega. To see his partner cry and know that he was the cause... that was the worst thing he could've done.

"Didn't want to wake you," Dream mumbled loud enough for George to hear. It was almost like he wanted it to be kept a secret between the two of them despite the fact no one else was around to hear what they did. They were completely alone in each other's company.

"Should've," George whined in response. His hands had snaked their way around the alpha's neck carefully and played with the blond hairs on his neck.

"Well, you're awake right now," Dream responded softly as he placed some soft kisses down on his forehead. He felt shivers rush down his spine as he noticed the scent of heat in the air intensify. After being calmed down and properly awoken, the omega seemed to have faded back into his proper heat state. "Do you-"

"Please," George responded before he could even finish his question. His eyes were already hazed and half-lidded as he stared up at his partner. Dream could feel the heat radiating off his body.

Dream smiled before he caught his lips against George's. The kiss was sweet and gentle at first as they were still trying to calm themselves down after the weird feelings of rejection and remorse. They pulled away for a second to catch their breath before diving back into the kiss. The kiss became much more passionate and heated before George moaned out softly. With the now opened mouth, Dream instantly brought his tongue in to lick the inside of the omega's mouth.

It tasted unclean with morning breath... not that Dream really cared. In his mind, it was the most delicious thing he ever tasted. He happily swirled his tongue around the smaller man's mouth to fully map out his mouth inside his head. As if Dream didn't already have it memorized from all his past experiences.

They shifted in their positions to sit up. It was rather difficult to have such a heated kiss if they

were laying down on the bed while curled up against one another. Dream's tongue would sometimes flick out of the omega's mouth to lick his lips before sinking his tongue back deep inside of the omega's warm mouth.

George managed to pull himself on top of the alpha and straddle him while they deepened the kiss. Dream chuckled against his lips as he felt the omega's dick against his own. He was just as hard as Dream was but he clearly wasn't covered in spit and precum like Dream was. On the other hand, he was probably covered in other various fluids from the other days of heat (which Dream could visibly see but he certainly didn't care).

Dream pulled away panting as he looked at George's blown out pupils. A thick strand of saliva connected the two as they broke apart. The omega looked beyond disheveled- almost fucked out despite the fact the pair hadn't fucked yet.

A whine escaped from his lips as he began to gently run himself against the alpha's body. A small chuckle followed from Dream as he adjusted their position once again. His thigh was now slotted between George's legs- where the omega almost immediately began to rut himself against the alpha's leg.

Slick was leaking out of George at a fast rate. His thigh was almost instantly covered in the substance as soon as the omega was placed there and began to rut himself against the alpha. Dream could only smile as he felt the fluid oozing onto him from his lover.

He leaned in close to the omega's ear and inhaled sharply before speaking, "You're a little bitch in heat, aren't you?" He could feel the way the omega shivered and mewled from the words hot against his ear before he moaned. His hips stuttered for a moment before he got back into his rutting rhythm against the larger man's thigh.

Dream could only chuckle as he moved his lips away from his ear and began to suck heavy hickies onto the formerly pale man's skin around his neck. The canvas he was using was not clear by any means- he clearly had tons of fun marking it up in the previous days. That didn't stop the alpha from doing the same thing again and again.

He grunted softly before moving his mouth down his body and continuing the process against his collarbone and shoulders. They weren't as heavily marked as his neck was, but were marked. Well, mainly the collarbone was. He sank his teeth down against the man's skin on his shoulder to make sure there would be a mark there when he pulled off.

George moaned softly when he felt the teeth pull their way out of his shoulder. Dream placed a gentle kiss against the new mark. Dream continued his trail of kisses back up his neck before placing one against his opened lips gently.

"F-fuck~" George groaned softly as he continued to rut himself against Dream's bare thigh. It was probably uncomfortable for the omega, but he seemed to be enjoying it anyway... maybe he was enjoying it too much.

Dream's hands immediately found their way around his waist. His grip tightened around his hips as he quickly pulled him off the taller man's lap. He wasn't going to let George finish himself off while humping his leg much like a dog. What kind of alpha would he be if he allowed that?

The response was a quiet whine from George... before he was tossed back onto the bed quickly by Dream's firm hands. His whine shifted into a soft 'oof' as he landed and bounced against the bed. His eyes were glazed over as he stared longingly up at the alpha now positioned above him.

Dream smiled as he crawled his way towards the omega and leaned down to nibble on the smaller man's jawline. Small noises slipped from George's lips as he squirmed from the lack of touch. Dream's hand had made its way down George's body and against his ass as he scooped up the fat inside of his palm. He squeezed lightly which caused George to moan softly as he shivered at the feeling. Dream's lips instantly contorted into a smirk.

The next moment had Dream's fingers scooping up some of the slick that leaked out of his partner in the same hand that was previously grabbing his ass. George squealed as he felt the alpha's hand briefly brush right up against his rim before being pulled away.

"You're so wet for me," Dream hummed as he began to play with the fluid between his fingers. He pulled his head away from George's jaw and locked eyes with the omega's heterochromatic ones.

Dream couldn't help himself as he began to tease his fingers playfully around George's entrance. George's breath hitched before he spoke again, "Y-yes. Only for you."

With a grin crossing his cheeks, he instantly pushed half of his finger inside of the omega. The smaller man moaned at the feeling and tried to push himself down against his finger more. With that, he pushed the rest of his finger inside of the smaller man and began to pump it in and out of him.

He was already still pretty stretched from their previous experience. From the hazy memories that Dream had, they probably slept for about half an hour before Dream actually woke up. Dream must've woken up just after his knot fully deflated inside of his partner. The blond hummed softly before adding a second finger without mentioning it to the omega.

"Fuck! A-alpha!" George squealed. His mouth opened while his tongue partially lolled out of his mouth. His pupils were very wide as he stared lustfully up at the taller man. He whined softly.

In and out went Dream's fingers. The movement was controlled by Dream, but George helped out by riding down on them whenever Dream moved to push them in again. He occasionally stopped to scissor inside of George to stretch him open.

It didn't take that long before Dream added a third finger into the omega's hole. He continued with the brutal pace- but made sure to avoid George's prostate. The action was rather difficult with George riding back on the fingers, but Dream knew how to work around his partner's body. Occasionally, he stopped his pumping to curl his fingers inside of George to get a loud squeal in response.

Dream pulled his fingers from the omega's hole in the next moment. He smirked quickly before he brought the fingers into his mouth and licked them clean. He made sure to maintain eye contact the entire time.

The alpha knew that this was George's least favorite part of the whole experience- but Dream absolutely loved it. He loved the taste of George. He loved looking at George. He loved the way his partner squirmed around from the lack of touch. Honestly, he just loved George.

A sheer whine slowly rose from the omega's mouth that Dream immediately stopped. How? Dream wrapped his hands around the omega's waist with a firm grip. He wondered if his strong grasp would leave bruises (which he hoped it would) as he immediately flipped the omega over and onto his stomach.

George's brain seemed to malfunction for a moment before he adjusted his position to be more favorable for the alpha. Dream didn't really do it too often, but he knew that the alpha enjoyed

fucking him from behind while George was on his hands and knees. He spread his legs as far apart as he comfortably could to give Dream better access.

Dream watched the entirety of this process with bated breaths. The blond loved whenever the omega knew what to do and positioned himself perfectly for Dream. With a small chuckle, he pressed the tip of his dick right up against the man's hole

"You want my cock, don't you slut?" Dream snarled softly, his eyes piercing down at the omega who apparently didn't care at all. The omega had his head turned around so that he could properly look at the alpha positioned behind him. His brain seemed to process what Dream said for a moment before his head began bobbing up and down quickly.

George looked absolutely beautiful to the alpha. His pupils were blown out to the size of dinner plates while his cheeks burned a fiery shade of pink. His lips were bitten red and spit-slick from both previous kisses and the earlier kiss. His body was beautifully spattered in love marks from Dream. Whether it be a shade of purple, red, or blue, they were gorgeous to the blond.

With a small smile on his face, Dream immediately pushed himself deep into the omega. George almost immediately began to writhe around from the feeling while various mumbles and babbles spewed from his mouth. His eyes rolled so far back in his head that Dream wasn't sure he could even see his irises anymore.

Dream stalled himself as he had his hips flush against the omega's ass. He didn't want to go too fast if George wasn't ready for it. While he had been stretched over the past few days, Dream was still very careful with his partner. It's better to be careful than careless. Dream hummed softly as he watched George adjust himself to the sheer size of his partner.

Time stretched out for a bit before George eventually calmed down enough for himself to be able to speak. "Please," George panted softly, his eyes softening as he stared up into the green eyes that Dream knew he had.

"What did you say, baby?" Dream asked, his eyebrow cocking upwards as he stared down at the smaller man beneath him. He knew exactly what the man had said- he heard it loud and clear. What- he was an alpha who loved to tease his omega. He couldn't control his natural behaviors.

"Alpha-" George whined softly as he tried to rock himself back and forth on the alpha's dick. Dream stopped that immediately by firmly wrapping his hands around his waist. He smashed his fingers in as deeply as he could- hoping once again that he could properly get bruises to stain onto the smaller man's waist.

"Omega- what did you say? Words," Dream commanded as he wrapped his chest against the omega's back. He made sure to say the words as close to the omega's ear as he could. He could physically feel the shiver go down the smaller man's spine as he heard the deep rumbles that spilled from Dream's pretty mouth.

A sharp whine pierced the air once again as he seemed to get overwhelmed by the feeling of Dream's commanding voice right against his ear. He pleaded softly with small cooing and babbling before eventually managing out, "Breed me. Alpha- please."

Dream's eyes glowed for a moment with pride and cockiness as he heard those words slip from his partner's mouth. While he heard them a lot, he loved hearing them again and again. Maybe it was just because he was in his alpha mode right then and there. All alphas loved the idea of breeding their mates.

He immediately began to pull himself out of the omega up to his head before burying himself back deep into the omega. A loud whimper escaped from George's mouth as he was thrust into the first time. The action was repeated once again to get the same reaction from George. Dream decided to do it one last time because he just wanted to hear the noise again (which he did).

After that, the alpha changed to a more steady pace. He pushed his cock in and out of the omega's body while enjoying the warmth and wetness of his partner's hole. God- he always savored whenever he fucked George in the middle of heat. His body always produced the most amount of slick during that time that allowed sex to happen easily.

"Fuck, you're so tight," Dream huffed as he tightened his hands around George's waist again. He began to pull George back onto his dick as he thrust into him. The omega squealed before it transformed into a low moan. He began to work along with Dream by pushing himself back against Dream's dick as well. While he didn't have to, Dream continued to have his hands wrapped around George's waist.

He nodded quickly to show Dream that he was listening. Dream barely managed to actually look at it, but he saw it right before George's head lolled to the side softly as Dream brushed up right against George's prostate.

Dream knew George's body much like the back of his own hand. He knew every single small inch of skin on his body as if it was his own. He knew the best ways to calm him down and make him laugh (because he was ticklish). He also knew the best ways to pleasure his partner- and where his prostate was located.

The alpha was taking care to avoid the spot for a bit longer as he wanted to ride out the experience a bit longer than before. There were two different portions inside of his alpha instincts- breed his omega and tease his omega. Both of them fought for power every single rut and it seemed like the latter was winning this time.

"Alpha please," He whimpered as he tried to swivel himself around to look into the eyes of the alpha. Dream couldn't help himself as his eyes caught on the beautiful brown and blue eyes. The color was barely noticeable due to how wide his pupils were blown. They seemed glassy with tears as they threatened to spill out if he didn't get what he wanted.

There was absolutely no fucking way the alpha inside of him could resist that beautiful face. Well, there was absolutely no way any of Dream could say no to George. Anytime he asked for something, Dream was willing to give it. Honestly, George could ask for the moon and Dream would make sure he got it.

Rut-hazed Dream certainly wouldn't say something like that, though. "You're such a fucking brat," Dream huffed as he moved one of his hands away from his hips. He lifted up George's leg and positioned it up against him to get a better angle. It probably looked a little weird, but it always worked whenever they had sex like this.

...As evident by the lewd scream that ripped its way out of George's throat and into the room. Dream knew almost immediately that he hit the omega's prostate dead on as he continued to angle his thrusts directly towards the spot. He loved hearing the noises that slipped through his lips and knowing that he was the cause.

Dream could see George scrambling to grip onto the blankets used to make the nest. The top of his body had considerably slumped since he originally placed himself in such a position for his partner. Formerly, he was on his hands, but he eventually slid to the point he was just resting on his chest and face while Dream slammed into him.

The omega's body began to squirm around underneath the alpha. Dream could feel the fluttering of his hole around his dick which caused the alpha to moan softly. "'M close,'" George mumbled into the blankets to Dream.

"Not until I say so, omega," Dream growled in response. He leaned down to align his chest with the omega's back. In the next moment, George was brought up onto his knees while Dream continued to thrust into him in the new position.

The teasing side of Dream kicked up once again. He kept one of his hands wrapped around the omega to hold him up while the other snaked its way down his body. His fingers gently touched the omega's side before sliding down to his thighs. His hand ghosted just around the omega's dick as he continued with his pace.

"Don't tease," George quietly mewled as he seemed to feel the brief touches of Dream's large, warm hands around his dick. Dream could see and hear just how much the smaller man wanted to release and just how much he didn't want to put up with the 'torturous' teasing.

"I'm sorry, what did you just say? Are you giving me an order, bitch?" Dream growled in response. He continued to ghost his fingers around the omega's dick carefully. He made sure not to linger long enough for the omega to get much pleasure from the feeling- more trying to bring on the sense of longing deep inside of him.

"N-no," George mewled weakly as his head lolled against the alpha's shoulder. His hair was messy and slicked with sweat, but looked beautiful in the eyes of the rutting alpha. He meekly mewled out, "Please- wanna be full of your pups. Swollen and round, please alpha."

"Good," Dream grunted as he sent a particularly hard thrust right against the omega's prostate. He moaned loudly with the impact as drool visibly dribbled out of his mouth and down the side of his face. Following that, he moved his hand to wrap around the omega's firm cock and pump in time with his thrusts.

Once again, the omega shrieked at the stimulation and practically melted into Dream as he began to work on him at two places at once. It didn't take long until he was babbling more nonsense before spilling over into his own hand. Dream huffed quietly as he felt the stickiness in his hand, but he should've expected it. What else did he think was going to happen if he fucked George while giving him a handjob at the same time?

The fluttering of George's hole was amazing around Dream's cock. He moaned loudly himself as he continued to push his dick in and out of the omega's hole. He changed up his movements to copy what he was doing earlier by dragging everything out except the tip of his dick before plunging back in.

Dream released the omega dick from his hand as he fucked him through his orgasm, pounding into his prostate. His face was instantly smashed against the pillows as he continued to slide back and forth against the bed with every movement. His eyes were blown out wide as he seemed to be seeing stars.

The alpha brought his cum-covered hand up to his mouth as he licked it clean. God- he loved the taste of George so much- whether that be his cum or his slick. His cum was much more salty while the slick had a much sweeter taste, but Dream loved both of them. Not equally, though. If you asked him, he loved the taste of George's slick much more.

The warmth bubbled up within his own gut after a moment. He groaned softly before changing the pace once again. He went back to a normal movement pattern with a much harsher speed than

before. He hoped he wouldn't go on too long as he always hated to watch the way George cried in overstimulation.

"Gonna cum," Dream grunted as he continued to thrust himself in and out of George. The omega babbled positively in response. He was too fucked out to really have any other opinions for or against it after his own orgasm. Dream knew it was coming up and instantly pushed himself as deep inside of the omega as he could.

As Dream felt cum stream out of his dick while his knot expanded, he felt something change. Something was different, and Dream sensed it. Whatever it was, Dream felt his attention focus only on his lover underneath him. His eyes instantly snapped to George as his face was smashed into the pillow underneath him as he mewled and mumbled soft words.

In an instant, the alpha had his teeth submerged deep inside of the omega's bonding gland visible on the back of his neck. It felt like a second wave of pleasure ran through him as he sank his teeth into the gland. The next instant had George writhing and moaning like he just orgasmed once again. He entirely could've, but Dream wasn't paying any attention to that. He felt connected to George on a much deeper level than before (and he was not talking about his dick up the omega's ass).

It felt much like he was feeling exactly what George was feeling. He could feel his own pleasure and high while feeling the faint presence of George inside of his mind as well. He absolutely loved the feeling. Both came out of their second highs panting heavily. Neither one of them really had anything to say about this (as, again, they were still in heat and rut).

When he came down enough to realize where he was, he pulled his teeth out of the sensitive area. He focused on lapping up the blood that dripped out of the fresh bite mark. The omega was moaning softly as he felt the wonderful works of the alpha's tongue against the very sensitive gland that only became much more sensitive with the bite mark.

The alpha finished up with his movements, he wrapped his arms around the omega's chest. George hummed softly in content before Dream changed their positions so that Dream was spooning the smaller man while laying sideways on the bed.

Dream gently placed some kisses against the top of George's hair, forehead, and temples. In response, George allowed some purrs to slip from his throat and fill up the room. Dream could almost feel himself purring as well in harmony with his partner- well, his mate now technically.

Dream and George would have to deal with that when the heat broke...

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Here's something- omegas don't go into heat if they're pregnant

[also I have a twitter now](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The light filtering in from the window was somewhat nice. It was warm against his bare skin that seemed to be covered in quite a lot of fluids. Dream felt like his head was spinning as he slowly adjusted to the presence of being awake.

George was nestled into his side while one of his arms was wrapped around Dream's chest to keep him close. His breathing was laced with heavy purrs of content as he slept softly. Dream always loved whenever he woke up before George- which he always did. George looked rather ethereal in the warm light that streamed down between the curtains of their bedroom.

He leaned over George carefully to grab his phone. The pair each set their phones down on the nightstand before they went to sleep. It was honestly mainly so they didn't lose track of them whenever they went into the heats. It was probably one of the best ideas they'd had in a while.

The alpha grabbed the phone and adjusted back into the previous position he was in. He turned it on and blinked at the brightness of the screen's light. It didn't take that long until he managed to get adjusted to it and scanned the screen. Strange- it was ten o'clock on Saturday. George's heat started on Monday. Usually they lasted at least a full seven days, but this one only lasted about five-ish.

Strange. That certainly wasn't very normal, honestly. Well, it technically was when George wasn't on his birth control. Back when they were in college, George's heats lasted for about four to five days compared to the seven to eight days on birth control.

Another strange thing was George's scent. For some reason, the scent that was emitting from the smaller man seemed to be sweeter. It wasn't like the scent he had whenever he was in heat, though. That was powerful and sickeningly sweet. This one was faintly sweeter to the point someone wouldn't really notice unless they were around the omega all the time... or something. Dream was, in fact, around him all the time.

Did Dream connect the dots? No. He did not. Maybe he would've if he didn't just wake up and slip out of his rut haze, but he did not think that anything connected these two strange occurrences with one another. They were probably unrelated anyway. Right?

"Too early," George hummed into Dream's chest. His eyes were still closed while he nestled himself against Dream's bare pec. His arms tightened around Dream as he almost tried to hide himself away from the light shining down on them.

"Sorry baby, I didn't mean to wake you," Dream apologized softly as he set his phone down on his chest. His other hand gently slid up George's bare back towards his head. He was planning on gliding his fingers into his partner's hair, but was stopped when he felt something on the back of

George's neck. "What the fuck?"

His fingers found their way into the divets placed into his bonding gland. George shivered with a light moan beneath him before his eyes widened. His own hand shot up to feel the back of his neck as though he couldn't understand what was happening.

"Dream-" George began softly but was instantly cut off by Dream recoiling his hand away from George's neck. In response, the omega whined sadly to the point that Dream could feel it pierce his soul. He could almost physically feel himself break into pieces as he saw the look on George's face.

Dream felt bad, undeniably bad. He knew that George fantasized about how special his bonding would be. They discussed it happening after they got engaged to one another... but they weren't engaged. Dream was going to propose, sure, but he hadn't done that yet. He didn't even have the ring to do it if he wanted to! It was still getting sized at the store.

"I'm- fuck, I'm so sorry George," He mumbled out. He couldn't handle looking into George's eyes and immediately turned himself away from the smaller man's gaze. He swallowed before continuing, "You wanted this to be special and I fucking ruined it by doing it while rutting! I can't-"

"Please listen," George cooed softly as he reached out and grabbed Dream's hand inside of his own. Dream glanced at his new mate out of the corner of his eye as the smaller man guided their hands to the back of his neck. "I don't care when it happens, Dream. I just wanted it to happen with you."

Dream fully turned his attention towards George- his own green eyes meeting with heterochromatic blue and brown ones. He swallowed thickly before moving his other hand to place against his face. He couldn't help himself as he carefully cradled the brunet's cheek inside of his other hand.

He paused before leaning in close and bumping his forehead against George's softly. He wanted to apologize more but knew that the omega would immediately shut him up. He stared longingly into George's eyes, and Dream knew that he felt the same way back. The bond between them was stronger now that they were actually physically bonded to one another.

Instead of using his words to verbally apologize to his partner, he began to pepper small kisses and pecks across George's face. He occasionally placed one on his lips before moving to other areas on his face. He made sure to avoid George's neck as the area was terribly scattered with hickeys and marks from the past few days.

George was giggling the entire time. Dream felt it bubble up within his chest until he was giggling too and was almost not placing his lips against the other man's skin anymore. He already loved seeing George smile and laugh, but it was a whole new experience now. He'd give anything for this feeling to last forever inside of him.

As Dream tried to place another kiss against his cheek, George pushed him away. He giggled softly before speaking, "Dream, I'd love to continue with this, but I feel gross. I need to pee and take a shower."

"Fine," Dream sighed before pulling himself away from his partner. He moved himself and slipped off the bed and stretched himself out as he finally got his feet on the floor.

"Help me," George hummed softly as he reached over towards Dream. The alpha turned around

momentarily to lock eyes with his partner before pretending to step away. He'd never actually leave George alone after his heat. What kind of an alpha would he be... especially after he bonded with him too!

A loud shriek broke the still air. It rang out deep inside of Dream's chest as he knew where it came from (where else could it even come from anyway?). Dream immediately rushed to the smaller man's side, his eyes as wide as dinner plates as he searched the smaller man for a reason for screaming.

Instead of finding any sort of pain or injury, he found a cocky smile on his face as he whispered, "I'm fine. Now, help me up." The brunet quickly made grabby motions towards his partner much like a child would.

"You're so annoying," Dream grunted playfully as he leaned over and scooped George up in his arms. The omega wrapped his legs around Dream's waist while his arms found themselves wrapped around Dream's neck.

"You love me," George mumbled against his neck. His breath was hot against Dream's skin and he felt the blond hairs stand on end. George could probably feel it due to their bond now, but he decided not to mention it.

"Unfortunately," Dream retorted with a snort, earning him a rough smack to his back. He broke down into a wheeze as he reached the bathroom and kicked the door open before placing the smaller man down on the bathroom floor.

George seemed to not want to let go of Dream. His limbs had unraveled from around his body only to find their way back. His arms were wrapped around his arm in a protective manner- something similar to a koala. The brunet's cheek was pressed against Dream's tricep while a soft purr escaped from his lips.

"George, don't you need to pee?" Dream asked, chuckling slightly as he watched the clingy omega at his side. George was only ever this obsessive and attached to him during preheat. He'd never really been like this post heat. Well, maybe when he didn't really have the ability to stand properly, but not like this.

"Mhm," George replied but still made no move to go to the toilet. Dream groaned loudly as he stepped towards the toilet and set George down on it. The omega hummed softly as Dream stood next to him for a moment. Dream then turned around, walking towards the shower, when a low whine found its way into his ears. He immediately turned around to look George dead in the eyes.

"What is it?" Dream sighed as he asked. He could feel the pang in his heart that came from both himself and George. The wave of his own misery from being away from George quickly merged into George's to form a heavy wave of sadness that crashed its way into the blond.

"Where are you going?" He asked softly, his eyes wide and pleading as though Dream was halfway across the world from him and not a few steps away. Dream wanted to go back as much as George did, he could feel it inside of him, but he knew that he needed to get things done at the same time.

"Georgie, baby, I'm just turning on the shower. We need to get cleaned off," The more rational side of Dream spoke up. While it took everything inside of him to actually power through it, he stepped forward a few more steps and reached the shower properly. If he was just a little less strong willed, he assumed that he might be hugging George while he went to the bathroom. That... didn't really sound all that appealing honestly.

“Together?” George’s voice lit up slightly at the prospect of being with Dream in the shower and not alone. It was odd considering they’d always taken showers together after George’s heats. It was a tradition after the very first time it happened.

“Yeah,” Dream hummed softly as he leaned over to turn the water on. Dream was always glad about the house they bought. The shower was big enough to fit the both of them comfortably, something that he couldn’t necessarily always say about the one in their college dorm.

It took a few minutes until they were both under the warm stream of water produced by the shower head. Dream hummed a song softly as he had his arms wrapped around George’s shoulders and down his chest. His chin was placed on George’s chin while the water streamed down his head and hair.

“We’re gonna have to shower,” George purred softly as he was gently rocked inside of Dream’s arms. Despite him saying how they would need to separate, he made no motions to follow through.

“Yeah,” Dream agreed, but also made no moves to untangle himself from the smaller man. Silence followed between the two- the only noise in the room being the stream of water hitting their bodies (and George’s rather loud purring, but that was almost constant now).

After another five minutes of clinging to one another, George unwillingly pried himself from Dream’s grasp and reached over for his shampoo. It didn’t take that long for him to squeeze an acceptable amount into his palm and begin to run it through his hair.

Dream made a move to take over for George. They always helped each other whenever they cleaned up after heat. On top of that, the alpha wanted to run his fingers through his partner’s scalp so badly and physically feel him. The closeness was nice, but the lack of touch certainly wasn’t.

Unfortunately for the taller man, George made a move to block him from doing so. Dream could feel the rejection grow in both his heart and scent- both of which George immediately picked up on.

The omega sighed and said quickly, “If we both hurry up in the shower, we can cuddle on the couch. That’s my reasoning.” He turned his gaze up to Dream and swallowed before skirting himself underneath the stream of water to rinse out the shampoo.

Dream blinked for a moment, surprised at the idea. Honestly, it sounded much better than being half wet and naked inside of the shower while awkwardly clinging to one another. The alpha quickly nodded before joining the omega in their individual shower routine.

It took probably ten minutes for them both to finish with their shower. They were specifically going as fast as they could as they couldn’t bear not clinging to the other. George finished first and stood off to the side to watch Dream finish. He, of course, didn’t want to be further than a foot away from Dream which was why he didn’t leave.

Drying off, brushing their teeth, and dressing in proper clothing (and by that- pajamas) took probably another ten minutes. The entire time, though, they had their hands either laced together or touching any skin that was visible. Dream didn’t say anything because he enjoyed it immensely.

Following that, they hurried down to the living room and plopped themselves down on the couch. Dream sat down first while George hurried in placing himself between the alpha’s legs. Dream instantly wrapped his arms around the brunet’s chest and pulled them flush together to the point that Dream wondered if George could hear his heartbeat.

The pair stayed there for who knows how long. Neither of them really made a move to get up at all until one heard the rumbling sound of the other's stomach. Following that, they ate lunch and repeated the former position on the couch. Life was good between them.

Chapter End Notes

also- did i really make y'all think so badly about me :pensive: i don't think I have a single angst tag in this because i just want happiness,,,

Unless...?

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

yoooo the gang's together again

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George and Dream eventually learned that the excess clinginess and possessiveness towards one another was a ‘side effect’ of bonding. It lasted for another week (which Dream took off; he wouldn’t be productive at all if he went to work) before the pair eventually calmed down and returned to a similar state of existence as before (if ‘before’ means preheat).

Something that George didn’t think was actually associated with the bonding but was rather strange was his increased need to use the bathroom. Dream made mention of it too, but both of them decided to shrug it off.

It had been over a few weeks since George’s heat and things were... odd to say the least. He still had the strange bathroom habits, but also had some nausea and felt unbearably tired. It was annoying all together. He’d been lying in bed about to fall asleep when either a wave of nausea or the need to pee came over him and forced him out of bed.

George decided not to take any projects until he felt better. Someone had contacted him about a project the previous week, but George turned it down. He apologized and explained that he wasn’t going to take any projects until further notice. What? He didn’t need to tell non-customers his personal business.

The omega stood in the bathroom and stared at himself in the mirror. He didn’t really look all that well appearance wise. His skin was paler than normal due to the nausea, and he felt like there were eyebags under his eyes despite sleeping a lot.

He shook his head and grunted before quickly getting out of the bathroom. He could feel Dream worrying about him downstairs since he’d been in the bathroom for a bit. It didn’t take him that long to hurry down the stairs and into the living room. Dream was already waiting in there for him when he entered.

“You alright?” Dream asked softly. The room was filled with Dream’s worried scent of dying pine and sour citrus. It clung to everything in the room like a layer of dust over everything. The scent almost immediately changed to a sweeter, more excited scent when he smelled George coming closer.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” George sighed as he stepped towards his alpha. His arms reached up and looked around the taller man’s waist as he wanted comfort. Dream chuckled low before rubbing George’s back with his palm.

“We don’t have to go if you don’t feel well,” Dream murmured softly against his head while continuing to rub his back gently. It was soothing enough to cause George to purr softly despite the faint nausea he felt.

Dream had reached out last week to see if the others wanted to meet up sometime soon. Everyone

agreed so they set the date for the following week. Of course, this was before all of the symptoms started to affect George. Dream had constantly asked if he'd like to reschedule and George always turned him down. They didn't need to- it would be more trouble than it was worth.

"Please don't argue with me over this again," George sighed softly against Dream's chest. He pried himself away for a moment to look up into Dream's eyes. They were wide with concern and care as they gazed down at George's. He could get lost in those (and he did, quite often in fact).

"Okay, okay. I won't," Dream chuckled lightly and unwrapped his arms from around George. Instead, his hand found its way into George's own as he began to lead them out the door. "Let's go then."

So they did. George and Dream piled into the car with Dream driving and George in the passenger's seat. At first, the omega was nervous that the car might mess with his nausea, but it didn't. Thankfully.

The six of them decided on a restaurant in the city to eat at. It probably wasn't a great idea for them all to be there together with how howdy they were, but it was still one of the better places. George didn't really feel like going to Sapnap and Karl's apartment for the whole afternoon. Maybe after lunch, but not the entire time.

While they were on their way to the restaurant, the radio (which was connected to Dream's phone) began to play their song, Line Without A Hook. Well, George considered it their song since it was what brought them back together when they were in college.

Dream began to subconsciously sing along to the words while George hummed softly as well. The song usually just rang through George's ears since he was used to hearing it, but for some reason, he decided to actually listen to it again today.

A thought popped into his brain as he listened to the words and the music together for once. His brows furrowed for a moment as he glanced over at his partner while he drove the car.

"Dream?" George spoke softly as he tried not to speak too loudly over the song. He didn't really want to miss listening to it, but he had to ask his partner about it before he forgot what he was going to ask.

"Yes?" Dream responded with a small smile. His gaze shifted to George's eyes before refocusing back on the road.

"Is... Is this song a love song?" George asked as he felt the embarrassment creep its way up his spine. His cheeks flushed a pink color as he could feel his scent change in the air to a more soured vanilla scent.

Dream's response was a heavy wheeze that sprang its way from deep inside of his chest. George felt his cheeks continue to heat up in a mix of shame and embarrassment from the laughter.

Dream picked up on this almost immediately due to the bond. He stopped laughing and calmed himself down before he actually spoke, "George, baby, yes. It's a love song. I thought you knew that and didn't want to cross any boundaries."

"Wh- no! I didn't!" George exclaimed, burying his head inside of his hands as his scent continued to sour for a moment. There was a pause before it sweetened again as George began to laugh at himself. "I'm such an idiot. How did I listen to that and assume that it was something that a friend would play to another friend?"

Dream immediately began to wheeze once again at that. He remarked that George was, indeed, an idiot as well. It was lovingly, of course, since the pair used that much like a pet name.

The rest of the drive was much calmer as they continued to listen to the music. Unlike before, George didn't mention any of the other songs that began to play. Ocean Eyes was definitely about him (which he discovered a few months after being together with Dream). He also learned that Sweater Weather was the 'bisexual anthem.' Dream was hinting at George his attraction the whole time but George was too dense to notice.

Dream pulled into the parking lot and looked around for a parking spot. They circled around the area about three times before they noticed someone pulling out. Dream was quick to take up the spot immediately after they pulled away.

It didn't take them that long to exit the car and meet up with one another around the back of their car. While they weren't as possessive towards one another as they were over a week ago, they still didn't want to leave one another's side. George can only guess it might be due to him being ill. Dream's alpha was just kicking in to protect him.

Dream's fingers laced together with his own as he was guided towards the entrance of the restaurant. George subconsciously purred softly as he walked with his mate at his side. Dream chuckled as he lightly swayed their hands together.

They entered quickly into the place. George's eyes swept around the place as he admired the decorations. It was dimly lit which he was more than happy to smile about. Whoever chose the place knew that he'd much prefer a dimmer lit restaurant compared to a bright one.

In front of them was a beta woman who seemed to be the hostess of the place. She glanced down at her computer before glancing up at the alpha and omega couple. She smiled lightly before asking, "Hello. Do you guys have a reservation?"

"Yeah, yeah. It should be under Halo," Dream answered with a small smile. It was under Bad's name since he was the one to set it up. She glanced down at the computer before nodding and exiting out of the booth she was standing at.

The hostess was quick to lead them to their table. When they got there, George noticed that two others were already there. Bad and Skeppy. That was interesting considering that they lived closer to Dream and George than they did this restaurant. How the hell were the four of them there before Sapnap and Karl?

George gave a warm smile to the pair before he placed himself down in one of the chairs. Dream was quick to sit down next to him before wrapping his arm around the omega's shoulders. "Are you okay George? You don't look well," Bad asked softly as he noticed the other omega sit down.

"Yeah, you look very pale. Well, paler than usual," Skeppy quipped. He laughed for a moment before noticing that no one else was laughing along. He quieted himself down and leaned back into his seat.

"I've been very sick lately, I guess," George responded softly. He gave a small shrug when Bad seemed to want something else for an answer. George didn't really know what else to say because that was all it was. He sighed as he rested his head against his mate's shoulder.

"He's been nauseous and tired the past few days. We think he's caught some kind of bug, you know?" Dream answered for him, gaze flicking between the other two for a moment. His hand

seemed to make its way onto his back as he gently rubbed circles against his skin. George could only lean more in against Dream at the movement.

George watched Bad's face shift into a frown. The air filled with Bad's soothing scent of sugar and honey within the air before quickly being suppressed by Dream's own soothing scent. It was most likely not intentional, but Bad was quick to pick up on it.

"What, am I not allowed to comfort him?" Bad huffed quietly to Dream as they stared at one another across the table.

Dream looked sheepish as he responded, "I'm sorry Bad. I've been a little overprotective lately." He seemed to try and cover up his nerves by chuckling.

"Yeah, because of this," George retorted and turned his head the other way on Dream's shoulder to show Bad the mark. He couldn't see the other man's reaction, but the brunet could definitely hear it loud and clear.

"Oh! You two bonded!" Bad announced though a smile. George turned his head around to see the other omega tugging on his own mate. He beamed at George before continuing, "I'm so happy for you two. You couldn't stay apart for the first week, right?" George giggled and nodded.

Skeppy turned his gaze over to Dream with a question in his eyes. "Did you-" Skeppy began.

"No," Dream cut off the other alpha. His eyes sent daggers over to the darker skinned male across the table. George's eyebrows furrowed as he briefly wondered what they were talking about.

At that, the three empty chairs remaining at the table skidded against the floor before being filled. Sapnap placed himself down next to George while Skeppy and Bad sat at the other side of the table. Karl sat at the head of the table with his alphas on both sides of him.

When Sapnap first moved the chair to sit down, a low rumble made its way out of Dream's throat. It deepened into an actual growl as he sat down and pulled himself up to the table. George's eyes shifted up to look at his mate as he wondered what was up with him.

So did Sapnap's apparently. The alpha seemed to be trying to cover up his own growl as he quickly asked, "Dude, what the fuck is up? You're growling at me."

Dream's eyes went wide for a moment as he coughed away the growl. George watched the color rise to his cheeks as he grew embarrassed about growling at what he considered to be his best friend. George could only giggle as he watched his mate turn his head away.

"It's because they're bonded," Skeppy responded sagely, pointing out the bite mark visible on the back of George's neck. The omega's eyes widened as he immediately snapped his hand to the back of his neck. George turned his attention over to the new three to see what they thought.

The three's eyes widened in surprise as they realized what that meant. George felt his face heat up as six eyes turned to stare at him and his neck in response.

Sapnap's went from George's face to Dream's as they seemed to be thinking something. His eyebrows furrowed briefly before he spoke, "Does this mean that you-"

"No! Stop mentioning that or else," Dream cut him off before he could speak anymore. George's eyes went wide as he glanced back at his partner. He wanted to know what he was hiding away from him so badly but knew better than to ask. Apparently, it was a secret that the other alphas knew.

A thought popped into his head as he realized that all the alphas were together that one outing. George remembered hearing from the mousy omega that they bought him something, so they might all be discussing that. It seemed that, whatever it was, Dream didn't want the others to openly mention it.

"Now I'm the only one not bonded," Karl whined softly, but George noticed the mischievous glint in his eyes as he said that. The omega didn't really mind not being bonded to his partners, but he certainly enjoyed seeing them go into a mess whenever Karl wanted something he didn't have.

George watched as the two alphas glared at Dream before turning to their partner. Sapnap spoke up quickly, his voice dripped in snark, "Don't worry Karl. We're just waiting for the right moment unlike Dream over here."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Dream exclaimed loudly, his eyes narrowed playfully as he stared at the other alpha across the table. To the unknowing eye, it looked like they might physically fight one another but the six at the table knew better.

They all broke down into giggles (and wheezes from Dream) as a result. Following that, the waiter stepped up to their table and asked them for their drink choices. They answered him quickly (George deciding on just water since that wouldn't upset his stomach too much) before he stepped off.

While George was trying to keep himself from being queasy, he felt the rush of sickness come over him. The omega immediately stood up with his hand covering his mouth. He waved his other hand quickly to say that he was going to the bathroom (which Dream understood unlike the others) before he went rushing off to the direction of the bathrooms.

George quickly pushed open the door and flung himself into a stall. He immediately began to hurl up what could be considered leftovers from the previous day into the porcelain bowl. He felt utterly miserable as he stared down at what remained inside of the toilet while he continued to sit next to it.

He pulled away and wiped his mouth. The omega felt utterly miserable as he stood up and quickly flushed away the mess he made. He was frankly embarrassed by the scene he just made at their get together luncheon. He rubbed his eyes with his hands as he tried to calm himself down.

Quickly, he hurried out of the stall and washed his hands in one of the sinks that lined the wall. No one else was in the bathroom, so he was thankful for that. He honestly didn't want to deal with anyone trying to comfort him after throwing up. If anyone was to comfort him, he wanted it to be Dream.

Following that, he dried his hands and pushed the door to the bathroom open. He stepped into the restaurant once again and glanced around briefly. No one even paid him a glance which he was more than glad about- especially considering his less than stellar method of entering.

The omega sighed quickly as he stepped towards the table and noticed that everyone was dead silent as he reapproached the table. All of them stared the omega dead as he returned to the table. He swallowed deeply as he wondered what they were all thinking. The only one whose expression was different was Dream's; he looked happy that George returned and smiled at him.

"What?" George asked, his gaze shifting between every single person looking at him. He felt anxiety slowly creeping its way up his spine as he couldn't understand what they were thinking.

"I dunno. I just told them you've needed to pee a lot lately on top of being sick and they all got

quiet,” Dream responded as he pushed the seat out a little for George to sit down. The omega happily sat down as he much preferred not to stay standing.

“Ugh- they don’t need to know about my bathroom habits,” George grunted as he snuggled himself up against the blond alpha. He couldn’t help himself as he gently purred as he was once again wrapped in Dream’s delectable scent.

“I’m sorry,” Dream spoke softly as his arm wrapped itself around George’s waist and pulled the pair flush against one another while his head rested on Dream’s shoulder. George couldn’t help the purr that rolled its way out of his throat at the movement. He briefly felt sorry for everyone else watching the display.

“George?” Bad asked quietly, his voice made it seem like he was treading on eggshells. George gave a soft hum to say that he was listening. The omega paused before continuing, “Is there a chance that you may be pregnant? I don’t know what to say, but the symptoms all together sound like it...”

The drowsy omega immediately perked up. He could feel Dream perk up as well next to him. They both shared an overwhelming amount of emotions crashing over them. George honestly couldn’t pick out which ones were his own and which ones were from Dream.

“No,” Dream answered immediately but his voice sounded unsure. It wavered as he spoke before his green eyes turned to look at George. He swallowed before he asked more quietly, “Right?”

Thoughts ran through his head quickly as he tried to remember when he last took his birth control. Fuck- it was the Wednesday before his heat. The day of his first preheat, he always grabbed his birth control pills and brought them to their nightstand- and he didn’t do that. That was what he fucking forgot.

Fuck! The thing his preheat stricken brain couldn’t remember was his birth control. Was his brain just too focused on Dream or did some part of his inner omega subconsciously suppress it? It was certainly something that his omega brain would do- considering what the whole ‘goal’ of heat was.

He licked his lips as he thought about his heat schedule. He was actually supposed to go into heat... Well, earlier this week. George missed his heat. The only reason that omegas ever miss their heats is if they’re on suppressants or if they’re...

The man’s eyes went as wide as a cat’s as he looked over at Dream. He swallowed heavily before attempting to speak, but no words came out of his mouth. Honestly, that was probably good enough of an answer as he turned his head away from Dream and everyone else. His dual-colored eyes focused on the table in front of him as though it was the most interesting thing in the world.

“Oh fuck,” Dream spoke quietly as the thoughts seem to rush through his head. George felt the emotions rush over Dream before settling down on one of elated confusion. The next moment, George was wrapped in his alpha’s arms and spun through the air. “I’m gonna be a dad!”

“Dream, put me down. People are staring,” George huffed into his alpha’s ear as he struggled against his chest. He couldn’t help the smile on his face despite his words forcing the alpha to stop. Thankfully, Dream complied and set him down quickly. The pair soon found themselves back in their seats awkwardly staring at the others.

“Congrats?” Bad spoke through a confused laugh. The others at the table joined in with similar confused laughter as they glanced between George and Dream as they sat themselves back down at the table.

“Yeah, congrats you two,” Sarnap chided as well as he gently pushed on George’s shoulder. The omega glanced up at the dark haired alpha and gave him a weak smile. Sarnap’s warm smile held on his face as he continued to talk teasingly, “You’re both idiots. How did you two not connect the pieces together?”

“Wha- no! You can’t call us idiots! You’d probably do the same thing,” Dream huffed beside George. Their hands were locked together and placed gently on George’s lap away from the prying eyes of the others.

“Of course I wouldn’t. If Karl was pregnant, I would know immediately,” Sarnap responded with a smug smile on his face.

The rest of the luncheon broke down into similar jokes and jabs against Dream and George. Dream spent most of it defending himself from not realizing earlier much like he did towards Sarnap. George occasionally defended himself, but mainly allowed Dream to do the arguing. He much preferred listening to the chaos while trying to digest the new information.

They were going to be parents.

Chapter End Notes

look, bad back at it again telling them they're idiots and stating facts

he informed them about their shared attraction and now he's telling them about their pregnancy... what doesn't this man know?

Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

early update bc im gonna be on vacation :)

---btw, thank you v much for 1k kudos :DDD

Dream and George went out to buy a pregnancy immediately after that luncheon. They didn't trust just taking one, so they bought a pack of them before going home. Three positive tests later, George was much more confident to say that, yes, he was pregnant. Just to be on the safe side, though, he made sure to schedule an appointment at his doctor's because he didn't want to get their hopes up.

Despite George telling Dream not to get too excited because it could just be a false positive, the alpha was clearly head over heels already. When George showed him the three positive tests, Dream grabbed him and began to spin him around like he did at the restaurant.

Unfortunately for Dream, the omega fought his way out of his partner's grasp and ran to the toilet again. He flipped up the lid and immediately spewed into the toilet again. So much spinning while he was clearly nauseous made him vomit. How gross.

After George cleaned himself up, he met with Dream standing outside of the bathroom door. He looked the alpha dead in the eyes and said, "Don't you ever spin me like that again."

The alpha gave a small chuckle as he wrapped his arms around George's neck and down his back. The omega shivered slightly as he felt Dream's fingers tap lightly on the bottom of his spine. In response, George wrapped his arms around Dream's waist. "I'm sorry," Dream spoke softly into George's hair.

"I'll forgive you," George chuckled as he tilted his head upwards and placed a kiss on Dream's throat. He wanted to kiss him on the face somewhere, but he couldn't really reach up there with how awkwardly they were laced together.

Eventually, the two of them realized that it was probably pretty strange to be standing in front of the bathroom swaying softly back and forth in each other's arms. Dream pulled away first and led them downstairs to the living room. Dream collapsed onto the couch before George crashed his way on top of him before snuggling up against his chest.

"I knew you were pregnant," Dream mumbled as he wrapped his arms around his partner's body.

"What? No you didn't. We just talked about how you didn't know," George snorted. He copied his partner by wrapping his own arms around Dream's neck. He began to softly play with the baby hairs growing on the back of the blond's neck.

"Well, I didn't know you were," He chuckled nervously while his hands fidgeted around on George's back, "but I did know that something was up. Your scent was much sweeter than it used to be."

"What- and you didn't think to tell me this?" George pouted as he buried his head against Dream's

chest. If Dream had just mentioned this to him, maybe they wouldn't have had to deal with the whole 'finding out he's pregnant because his friends put the pieces together'.

"I thought it was something with being bonded!" Dream defended with a laugh. George loved whenever the alpha laughed when they were in this position. He could feel the wheezes building up in his chest before being released.

"You're such an idiot," George huffed with the shake of his head.

"But you love me," Dream purred softly as he leaned down to nuzzle against George. Almost instinctively, the omega nuzzled back. A soft purr rose out from his chest as he mimicked the action.

"Unfortunately," George replied softly with a few soft giggles. He didn't mean it- he never meant it whenever he joked about how bad it was to be with Dream.

"What! You can't just say 'unfortunately.' We're bonded and expecting a pup now," Dream retorted in a very matter-of-fact manner. George lifted his head up, and Dream took this as an opportunity to plant a kiss on his forehead.

Oh shit- that's when it actually hit George. They weren't just boyfriends anymore. They were actually bonded together by the mark on the back of George's neck. On top of that, George was carrying their pup. He was actually pregnant with Dream's pup.

"I'm carrying your pup," George whispered aloud as though it was a strange revelation that he just realized. It kind of was. The whole situation wasn't fully 'understood' by him until that moment.

"Uh, yeah," Dream chuckled with a small shake of his head, "We've talked about this all day, George."

"Are you okay with that?" George asked softly as he pushed himself up from his previous position. He straddled Dream while his hands rested lightly against his chest.

"What do you mean by that, babe?" Dream hummed as his hand began to rub around the small of George's back.

George wanted to purr from the movement. He swallowed it away as quickly as he could before speaking quickly, "Are you okay with me being pregnant? I know we were waiting until we were married or at least bonded, but this all happened so quickly-"

"Easy, George. We are bonded," Dream soothed as he continued to rub his hand along George's back.

"We bonded because I got pregnant," George sighed.

"How would you-" Dream tried to speak, but George cut him off with his overwhelming thoughts quickly.

"I looked it up, Dream," He elaborated, "Unbonded alpha and omega pairs who get pregnant feel an instinct to bond. It's got something to do with the hormones that omegas produce in pregnancy. The only reason we bonded was because of the pup."

Dream laughed lightly, "The reason we bonded may have been because of our pup, but that doesn't mean that I didn't already want to bond with you."

George gently thumped his fist against Dream's chest with a huff. "You're just saying that to make me feel better."

"What? No, George-" Dream tried to speak, but the omega turned his head away from Dream. His eyes stung with tears- he felt bad for possibly pressuring his partner into doing something he didn't want to do. "Look at me," Dream commanded.

George couldn't stop himself from turning his head and looking at Dream. He stuck his bottom lip out in a pout. The alpha looked sheepish since he used his alpha voice on George, but he still used it all the same.

He swallowed before speaking again, "George, I've wanted to bond with you for a while. We agreed to bond after we got engaged, so I was waiting for that."

"Again, we're not engaged," George huffed before crossing his arms.

"Wait here George," Dream smiled as he shifted into a sitting position. He carefully moved George off of his lap and onto the couch they were on. "I'll be right back, okay?"

He hummed lightly as he was moved from his previous position on his alpha. It was sort of like he was a cat someone was trying to get off their lap. Well- half of that was true, at least.

The omega didn't like his alpha leaving him- not since before his bonding and pregnancy. Dream, as well, didn't like to leave his partner's side. Again, it was something to do with the pregnancy pheromones the smaller man gave off. It was also an alpha's instinct. Since he knew George was carrying his pup, he wanted to protect both his partner and his offspring.

It only took a moment before Dream came back into the living room. He held a small black box in his hand that George couldn't keep himself from staring at. If he didn't know better, he'd think that it was-

"I was planning on doing this in a more romantic setting, but this is as good a time as any, right?" Dream chuckled. He took a quick breath to calm himself before he got down on one knee in front of the couch. "George, I thought you were the prettiest person I'd ever seen since the first time we met."

"Dream..." George mumbled as he felt the tears stinging his eyes again. He swallowed before bringing his hand up to cover his mouth.

"I should've done this a while ago, honestly. You gave me the perfect opportunity to do it at the restaurant, but I got too distracted by you and your beautiful body," Dream chuckled as he leaned forward slightly. He opened the ring box and turned his gaze up to George, "I've been thinking of how to do this, but I think this moment works as well as any. Will you marry me?"

George couldn't speak. Instead, he leaned forward and wrapped Dream into a tight hug before pressing their lips together. Tears were streaming down his face as he pulled away lightly with a small smile.

"I-is that a yes?" Dream asked, his eyes scanning over George's tear-streaked face. He brought the hand that wasn't holding the ring box up to George's face before gently wiping away some of the tears.

"Y-you big idiot- yes, that's a yes," George sniffled as he leaned against Dream and rubbed his tears off on the alpha's hoodie. He gave a small sob as he buried his nose against Dream's neck.

The alpha's scent was wafting off him in droves. The citrus scent was sweet with the pine scent being very fresh. He could smell the happiness and pride drifting around them- as well as feel it deep inside of him from the bond.

When George managed to pull away, he peppered a few more kisses around Dream's face. He may not have been intending to, but he was specifically placing them on the blond's freckles.

"I love you so much," George mumbled as he finally pulled away and sat back on his haunches. He wiped off the remaining tear streaks from his face quickly as he stared up at Dream.

Dream smiled as he pulled the ring from its spot in the box. He quickly grabbed George's left hand and slipped the ring onto the smaller man's ring finger.

As he did so, George couldn't help himself as he stared at it. It was different from most rings he saw before. Instead of just being a large diamond or having multiple diamonds on it, it had two blue colored gemstones on either side of the middle diamond.

"They're sapphires," Dream hummed as he leaned his forehead against George's. He seemed to have noticed that the smaller man's attention was drawn to the ring while examining it closely. "I saw the blue and knew that I wanted to get it for you. It just... reminded me of you so much."

"You're so thoughtful," George smiled as he grabbed Dream's neck and pulled him into another kiss. His vanilla scent turned sweet and fluffy in the air as he burst with pure happiness.

"It's because you're the only thing on my mind, Georgie," he smiled back. George couldn't keep himself from scoffing softly, but he found his eyes staring down at the ring now on his finger. He couldn't help but stare at it while light bounced off the gems.

"When did you get this?" George asked softly, his gaze shifting upwards to Dream's face. The blond was smiling happily as he continued to stare at George. His eyes appeared to be full of love- something that George could feel blooming in his chest.

"Remember when I went out with our alpha friends?" Dream asked. George hummed positively in response. He laughed lightly before continuing, "I went to find an engagement ring for you. Sapnap wasn't a big help, but Skeppy knew what he was doing."

He pursed his lips for a second, clearly in thought. After a moment, he opened his mouth and asked, "Did Bad and Karl know?"

"Bad did. Skeppy had to tell him before he left, I guess. I don't think Sapnap told Karl, though. He didn't want Karl to complain about wanting to be engaged as well," Dream smiled. He scooped George's hands up in his own hands, and he laced their fingers together.

"I'll text them a picture later," George chuckled. Once again, his attention turned down to the ring. He couldn't help himself- it was very pretty and made him think of Dream. Well, it also felt really weird with there being a ring on his finger.

"Do you like it?" Dream seemed nervous as he asked. Despite George reacting positively earlier, he still seemed worried about his partner's opinions. George could tell from the slight souring in the citrus scent that spread through the air.

"Yeah, I do. I really do," George smiled, bumping his forehead against Dream's own with a smile on his face. Dream scanned his face quickly before smiling back and laughing lightly.

It was nice- George's earlier worried thoughts were squashed quickly as he found his fingers

fiddling with the new ring on his finger. Dream had wanted to propose to him even before the whole pregnancy and bonding moment. It made the omega very happy.

Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

I have so many pregnancy websites open y'all,,, the internet is gonna think I'm pregnant at this point

no!!! I'm not,,, I'm writing omegaverse mpreg

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George stood outside of the doctor's office with Dream at his side. The only time that the office had was during the day while Dream was working, but the alpha immediately requested the day off since he didn't want to miss George's first appointment.

The omega stepped into the office and checked himself in. Dream offered to do it for him, but the smaller man waved him off. George didn't want to be babied- he was still an adult whether or not he was pregnant. They instructed them to sit in the waiting room for a bit while waiting for his doctor to be ready.

When he sat down with Dream in the waiting room, he noticed that there were a few other people sitting around as well. They were generally omegas with most of them with their alpha partner clinging to their side. On top of that, they all looked much more visibly pregnant compared to George.

Subconsciously, George moved his hand up to his belly and he began to softly rub it. While he didn't have much of anything even there, he couldn't keep himself from smiling at the thought that he had their pup growing inside of him.

"You're glowing, baby," Dream purred as he leaned close against George's ear. He placed a quick kiss against the brunet's temple before pulling away.

"And you're an idiot," George huffed as he turned away. Despite the pair being both bonded and engaged now, he still couldn't let his partner see the flush on his cheeks. At the same time, his hand found its way into Dream's. Dream laughed and began to run his thumb against the back of the smaller man's hand.

George could tell that Dream was on edge- but it was almost nothing compared to the other alphas in the room. Most of them looked like they were on the edge of attacking anyone in the room if they stepped just a little too close to them and their partner.

"They all seem very protective," Dream acknowledged as he looped his arm around George's shoulder before pulling him closer to his side. His other hand was still linked together with George's and resting on the taller man's knee.

"Hypocritical, to say the least," George chuckled as he nuzzled against his alpha's shoulder. It might've been true, but George didn't mind it in the least. He loved whenever Dream grew protective and possessive over him as though nothing else mattered in the world but George.

While they sat there, George noticed something. None of the other omegas in the room were male.

Most of the pairings were of male alphas and female omegas. There was a female alpha and female omega couple, but again, no other male omegas in the room except for George.

Quietly, the omega murmured to Dream, “What do you think I’ll look like pregnant? You think I’ll look like the others here?” He glanced around at some of the couples and absentmindedly rubbed his belly. He swallowed quickly as some intrusive thoughts penetrated his head for a moment before he pushed them away.

“I think you’ll look better than everyone else in here, baby,” Dream chuckled as he nuzzled against the top of his fluffy brown hair. “You already look better than everyone in here.”

George buried his face further into the taller man’s shoulder. His face was lit a heavy red as he grew embarrassed by his partner’s words. He mumbled something softly in response, but he knew it didn’t matter since Dream wouldn’t be able to catch it.

It took probably twenty minutes for the doctor to come out and ask if George was there. He managed to get himself untangled from Dream before hurrying to her side. Most OB/GYNs were either females or omegas (or both)- and she wasn’t any different. From her lack of a scent, she appeared to be a beta.

She led the pair back to one of the rooms quickly. George sat on the medical bed while Dream quickly pulled a chair over to the side. The doctor didn’t make any mention of it as Dream placed himself as close to George as he could without actually sitting on the bed.

They started quickly with a quick check-up. It was pretty basic by checking his abdomen, seeing if he had any developing breast tissue yet, and checking his pelvis. The only way Dream allowed the doctor anywhere near George was if the omega held his hand. George knew that he was going to poke fun at him about that later.

Next, she asked if George would mind peeing in a cup for her- to test if he was pregnant. She also took a blood test to check his hCG levels and determine if he was, indeed, pregnant.

When she got both of those, she smiled at the pair before leaving. She mentioned that she’d be back when she got the results. Knowing how appointments at the doctor’s usually went, George knew it would take a while before he saw her again.

“I don’t know why she has to do that,” Dream hummed as he leaned against George’s thigh. George’s hands found themselves slowly petting his partner’s blond hair while purring softly. “I can tell you’re pregnant already. You know, alpha instincts and all.”

“It’s just what they normally do, Dream,” George sighed as he scraped his nails along his partner’s scalp.

“It’s in my nature to know,” he sighed as he reached his hand up and placed his hand gently on George’s belly. He pulled his head up to look at George before his gaze dropped down to his hand.

George couldn’t help himself as he found himself placing his hand over Dream’s. He closed his eyes and sighed with a soft smile.

It wasn’t that he didn’t trust Dream’s instincts- George definitely trusted them as much as he trusted his own. The thing was, though, that he didn’t want to put so much dedication into this idea if it wasn’t true.

Dream seemed to sense his worry as he gently brought his hand up to his cheek and stroked his cheekbone. The brunet swallowed as he stared into Dream’s pretty eyes with his own wide ones.

Quickly, Dream placed a kiss on his forehead to calm him down before once again lacing his fingers together with George's own.

The two sat in a comfortable silence for who knows how long. Neither one of them wanted to look at their phones, and there certainly wasn't a clock in the room. George had begun stroking the blond locks of his partner again at some point to keep himself distracted.

It wasn't too long until the doctor opened the door and slipped in. Dream instinctively moved to protect his omega for a moment before noticing that it was just the doctor and softening his stance.

She laughed lightly as she approached the pair carefully. "Don't worry, I won't hurt your omega," she soothed lightly before smiling, "Or your pup."

No- I know, I know. It's just hard to let others around him right now," Dream chuckled as he rested his hand on George's thigh lightly.

"It's official?" George asked softly as he placed his hand on top of Dream's. A small smile found its way on his face. "I'm pregnant?"

"The tests say so," She hummed lightly as she glanced down at the clipboard she was holding. After a moment, she turned her attention back up to George and pointed at Dream with the back of her pen. "Your alpha also says so. I generally trust the instincts of an alpha when relating to their partner."

"You're such an idiot," Dream hummed lightly as he squeezed his thigh in his palm.

"Shut up- the doctor is speaking," George hissed as he slapped at his hand. The blond rolled his eyes but didn't do anything else.

She glanced between the two of them, amusement clear in her eyes before she continued to speak, "We've been taught to trust the instincts of alpha partners. In the old days, before pregnancy testing and OB/GYNs, society indicated pregnancy based on an alpha's scent detection."

George nodded as though he was paying attention. Unfortunately, he wasn't since Dream just kept prodding his side with a cocky smirk on his face. George already swiped his hand away a few more times at that point.

"Based on what you told me earlier, I'd say you're about eight weeks along. You'll probably start to develop breasts soon. There will probably be a few instances of mock heats throughout your pregnancy, but it'll probably start within the next month. And if you haven't already had morning sickness, I'd expect it," She explained, glancing down at her chart and seemingly reading off a list.

George gulped at the idea of gaining breasts. He knew that Dream loved his body now, but would he like it with the... addition? He quickly pushed that away as she continued to speak. "Great, can't wait for more," George said sarcastically as he leaned down and placed his chin on top of Dream's head.

She laughed again. "Okay, I see that you have. Can we discuss both of your medical histories as well as family medical histories? It's good to know in case any of it will affect either you or the baby," She nodded towards George for a moment before pulling out a chair from her desk and sitting down in it.

Both George and Dream explained anything from their past as well as their parents and other family members' medical histories. For the most part, none of it was all too interesting nor would it probably affect anything. Every time one of them answered, she noted something down on her

clipboard.

“How about blockers? Have either of you used them either recently or in the past?” She asked, pulling her attention up from the clipboard to look at the pair. Her attention seemed to be particularly focused on George as she asked the question.

“No, I’ve never touched them,” George remarked. He swallowed before leaning his head against the taller man’s lower head since he was placed on a lower chair compared to George.

“Neither have I,” Dream hummed as he rubbed his hand along the omega’s leg again.

“Good- that’s good. Taking either heat or rut blockers both make it more difficult to conceive and harder to maintain a pregnancy,” she stated as she marked something down on her paper again. “So what have you been doing for the pregnancy? Have you changed your diet and started taking vitamins?”

“I didn’t know I was pregnant until about a week ago?” George answered softly with a question. He felt shame and embarrassment creep up his spine as he nervously looked away. Dream noticed this immediately and pumped some of his soothing scent out to calm his partner down.

She stalled for a moment and turned her attention away from her desk where her notes were. She blinked at George a few times before sighing, “Okay, so this was unplanned. I’ll prescribe you some prenatal vitamins to take as soon as you get them. Diet wise- try to cut out things like raw meats, eggs, fish, and addictive things like caffeine.”

“Thank you,” George murmured before giving a nervous chuckle. Dream squeezed his thigh once again to try and soothe him. His scent was thick in the air to the point that it would be suffocating for either an alpha or omega. He paused before asking, “Are you, uh, planning on doing an ultrasound today?”

“No, not today. We could, but we usually do that for more high risk pregnancies,” she answered as she set down her board onto her desk. She placed one hand on top of the other on her lap as she looked up at George. “We’ll probably do one at your next appointment. We’ll schedule that for a month away, how does that sound?”

Dream answered before the omega. “That sounds great. We’ll be back for that,” Dream chuckled as he stood up from his chair. He looked down at the beta doctor before asking, “Is that all? Should we schedule that with the receptionist or something?”

George quickly pushed himself off from his spot and found himself at Dream’s side once again. The alpha quickly wrapped his arm around the smaller man’s shoulder and tucked him as close to his side as he could.

She nodded and stood up in her seat as well. Quickly, she brought them back to the waiting room where George scheduled his next appointment for a month away like the doctor asked.

George found himself smiling the entire time in the car ride home. His hands had found themselves on his belly again as he thought about it once again. He was pregnant. He was carrying Dream’s pup. He was happy.

this chapter was actually supposed to be longer,, but after research, I switched it to them having another appointment at a later date ;)

Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

my cat got his shots yesterday and now he's being pissy at me :(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Oh my god!” A scream sounded to wake Dream up from his slumbers. He jerked awake and frantically searched around for the source of the noise. His face softened with concern as he noticed the smaller man writhing on their bed. Based on the lack of light outside, it was probably quite early in the morning. His mate wouldn’t make a fuss this early unless something was serious.

“George, what’s wrong?” Dream asked quickly as he found himself at his partner’s side. Well, he was already at his side, but he still hurried his way closer if he could help George. He swallowed before asking, “Are you okay? Is the pup okay?”

“I- fuck! Get-get my shirt off,” George whined as he continued to squirm around the bed. Quickly, Dream found his hands grabbing at the bottom of his shirt before pulling the fabric up and over George’s head.

When the shirt was off his body, the omega sighed softly but continued to fidget around for a moment. Seeing him like this, Dream noticed that his partner had a small belly bump visible. Strange considering the fact Dream knew he wasn’t supposed to show until a few more weeks (Dream did his research, okay?).

“Can I do anything else to help?” Dream whined as he fidgeted around with his hands. He wanted to scoop George up and soothe him into calmness, but he didn’t want to do something that would cause more pain to the omega. From what it sounded, his shirt was bothering him.

“Don’t,” George gasped as he writhed once again against the bed. He panted for a moment before speaking once again, “Don’t touch me.”

As much as Dream wanted to touch him, he kept his hands at his sides. He sat back on his thighs as he watched his omega squirm around in pain. Since he couldn’t physically do anything to help, Dream focused his attention towards pushing out a soothing scent to help George calm down.

At one point, George turned himself away from Dream. The alpha sighed lightly since he couldn’t see his partner’s face anymore, but he didn’t say anything about it. He would just be an ass if he complained while George was in pain.

Eventually, his writhing subdued to the point of stopping. The omega curled into the fetal position on their bed but continued to face away from Dream.

“Are you okay, baby?” Dream asked quietly as he leaned closer to George. He didn’t touch him, though, since he was worried about what was actually causing his pain previously.

“Mhm,” George mumbled.

“George-” Dream began. He placed his hand gently on his partner’s shoulder and rubbed gentle circles on the spot. “What’s wrong? You’re avoiding me.”

"I'm not," George swallowed. He was purring softly from the touch despite earlier mentioning that he didn't want to be touched.

"Is it about the pup?" Dream asked, his mouth going dry. It wasn't even that long that he found himself knowing that he'd be a father- and now he may have to deal with the concept of that not being true. He felt his heart break a little as he tightened his grip on George's shoulder.

"Wh- no!" George whimpered as he turned his head around to look up at Dream. He lifted his hand up and gently caressed the taller man's face in his palm. "The pup is fine, we're both fine."

"Then what's wrong, baby?" Dream murmured as he melted into George's touch. The omega pulled away after a moment. After that, the alpha leaned down to his omega and placed a careful kiss against his forehead.

"I'm worried you won't like me," George mumbled as he pulled his head away again. He tucked his head into his arms quickly as he curled up into a ball.

"George, I could never not like you," Dream chuckled lightly as he laid back down on the bed. He scooted closer to the omega's side and pressed his own bare chest against his omega's back.

With that, the omega gave a soft huff. He reached back to grab the blond's hands and gently guided them up the omega's sides. Dream moved along as well, keeping his touches light as he stroked his partner.

After a moment of the gentle caresses along his side, he guided Dream's larger hands towards the front of his body. Just as gently, he led Dream's hands to his chest as he sighed lightly.

Dream found himself resting his hands on top of two bumps on the omega's chest. He swallowed lightly as he slowly brought his hands down on them instead of hovering just on top of them. Still, he made sure not to press too hard since the omega seemed to still be sensitive.

"George, are these-" Dream began to ask even though he knew exactly what they were just from feeling them. They weren't too big currently, but they were certainly there now. The alpha guessed they were probably around a cups currently.

"The OB/GYN did say that I would develop breasts," George murmured. As he fidgeted lightly from the touch, he caused Dream's hands to graze against his sensitive nipples and moaned softly. He looked embarrassed as he buried his head into his pillow.

"Were you worried that I wouldn't like you after this?" Dream asked with a raised eyebrow. Ever so slightly, the omega nodded. "George, baby, why would you think that?"

"You always say how much you like my body," he answered honestly. Dream could tell from the tone of his voice that he was being truthful. His heart broke at the hurt that sounded from George's voice.

"George, I love your body because it's you," Dream hummed as he shifted his arms lower to wrap around his body and rub his belly. He placed a few kisses along his partner's jawline as he spoke. "I don't care how you look, I love you so I love your body as well."

It was silent for a moment. Dream's hands continued to gently rub circles on his partner's slight bump. He nuzzled against George's neck carefully until Dream could hear quiet sobs from George.

"Are you okay?" He murmured as he placed his head on the smaller man's shoulder and placed some gentle kisses on the available skin of his face. He tasted some of his salty tears as he placed a

few on his cheek and under his eye.

George ignored the question entirely by posing his own. “Y-you do?” He sniffled and brought his hand up to wipe away the tears that had streaked down his face.

“I do, George,” Dream answered honestly between kisses. It seemed to send George to break down into sobs again. “Shhh, it’s okay,” He hummed comfortingly as he continued to comfort his partner.

It took a full minute of George crying while Dream attempted to calm him down for the smaller man to actually ground himself. “I’m sorry,” George mumbled as he turned himself around for Dream. He buried his head against the alpha’s chest as he tried to get more comfort from his partner.

“Don’t worry about that,” Dream chuckled lightly as he began to run his hands up and down his partners’ back. “Your hormones are just a bit wonky right now because of your pregnancy.”

George laughed lightly as he pulled his head up to look at his partner. His brown and blue eyes met with Dream’s as they stared at one another. “I’m gonna take the internet away from you. Stop looking up pregnancy shit online.”

“I’m just worried, okay?” Dream laughed as he defended himself. He buried his nose in his partner’s fluffy brown hair before he placed a kiss on his crown. “I wanna make sure I know what to do. I’ve never been in this situation before.”

“I’d hope not,” George huffed lightly before giggling.

“Wh- oh! God- screw you George,” Dream joined in on the laughing. He sighed with a smile, “You know what I meant when I said that.”

“Yeah yeah,” George rolled his eyes. His eyes twinkled for a moment as he smirked, “You’ve already screwed me. How do you think we got into this situation?”

“Shut up-” Dream wheezed as he tried to pull him closer into a tight embrace. The omega submitted for a moment until their chests brushed against one another and the omega flinched in reaction.

He gasped as he pushed away. “Easy!” He squealed as he sat up on the bed. Dream followed suit and sat up as well.

“I’m sorry. It slipped my mind, baby,” he murmured as he scooted closer to his partner and wrapped his arms around him from the back. “I’ll just hug you from the back until you get less sensitive, okay?”

“Good idea,” George hummed as he leaned back against Dream’s chest. He tilted his head back and began to run his fingers through his partner’s blond locks. Dream’s only response was to purr lightly.

Dream’s attention flicked up to the windows of their room. Light had started to stream into the room at some point during the whole ordeal. Based on that, Dream mumbled about how he’d probably need to get ready for work.

“I don’t want you to go back to work,” George said aloud. None of Dream’s mumbles could slip past him since they were so close together.

“I don’t want to go either,” Dream hummed in response, “but I need to. I’ll take my leave as soon as I can, okay? I also promise you that I’ll use up my vacation days whenever you get excessively needy or we have an appointment.”

“Excessively needy?” George snorted, “Why did you have to phrase it like that? Could’ve just said when I go into a mock heat or just need you around.”

“Are you really going to fight me on all my word choices today?” Dream huffed as he gently tugged George so that his back was flush against Dream’s chest. His hands found their way back to George’s belly as he gently rubbed the small bump.

“Already have,” George hummed as he pulled his hand from Dream’s hair and placed his hands gently on top of Dream’s. He chuckled lightly before mentioning, “You’ve noticed my belly.”

“Of course I have,” Dream answered with a smile. He placed a kiss on his temple lightly. “I notice everything about you, baby.”

“I didn’t think I was supposed to show yet,” He continued as he tilted his head downwards to look at himself. He was purring lightly as he stared at Dream’s hands on his body.

“And you judged me for looking things up on the internet,” Dream laughed as his hands quickly began to rub up and down George’s warm skin. “It’s probably just because you’re small.”

“Hey!” George huffed as he pulled Dream’s hands off his belly. He twisted around to glare directly into Dream’s green eyes. “I’m not even that small. Most of the women at the doctor’s were smaller than me.”

“And they were all much further along than you were, George,” Dream responded lightly. He popped his arms back before stretching them above his head. “Okay, I need to get ready for work now. Do you need anything before I go?”

Dream pushed himself off the bed and onto the ground. He stepped towards their closet as he shifted through the clothing until he spotted some of his business clothes. He pulled those out and quickly began to dress himself.

“I need to pee,” George groaned as he also pushed himself off the bed. He stalled in the doorway for a moment before purring out, “Have fun at work.”

“I can’t do that since you’ll be here,” Dream hummed lightly as he buttoned his white button-up... up.

“You’re such an idiot,” The omega giggled as he finally left from the doorway and walked towards the bathroom.

Dream couldn’t keep the smile on his face as he continued to think about George- man, he loved the omega so much. He couldn’t wait until he got leave from work so he could spend all his time pampering his partner.

Chapter End Notes

is this angst? is this enough angst? do you want more?

Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

I went around in the rain and picked flowers haha

My clothes are soaked

George had developed his new additions the previous week. Dream encouraged him to possibly buy bras and thinner material shirts. The alpha wasn't entirely disappointed when his omega didn't do either and insisted on going shirtless around the house.

George tried to fight about how his friends had seen him shirtless when they went swimming together a few times, but Dream just glared at him before pointing out his breasts. Dream was not going to allow anyone else (especially alphas, even if they were his friends) to see his omega's body.

It had been a few days since they discussed that- Wednesday to be exact. It was supposed to be fine. George was probably a little clingier than usual, but he was almost constantly clingy as of late. Honestly, it didn't bother Dream at all as he just assumed it was due to some of his hormone changes. It was in the nature of both of them to not want to leave the others' side.

Dream mainly didn't think much of it for the most part. He did ask George if he should stay home, but George just pushed him into going to work. He mentioned something along the lines of 'if you stay home every day I get a little clingy, you'd never go back to work.'

With that, Dream went to work. The first half of the day was pretty average if he could say the least. He basically threw himself into working as it distracted him from obsessing over George.

What changed his mind was about lunch. He was sitting around with some others from his department while eating lunch when he felt an overwhelming need wash over him. Since it came from deep inside his chest, he knew that it was from the bonding mark. From George.

Almost immediately, the blond picked himself up and walked into his boss's office. His boss, an alpha as well, didn't seem all too happy about seeing Dream walk into his office during lunch break.

"What is it?" The other alpha asked with a sigh. His scent of pumpkin filled the room and seemed to coat everything in it. Dream felt on edge with the overwhelming scent around him- he was in another alpha's territory right now.

"I need to leave. Like now," He swallowed as he answered. He was frantic while he felt the need inside of his chest tighten.

He cocked an eyebrow as he leaned forward on his desk. His elbows rested on the table as his fingers linked together. "Why?"

"My mate," Dream began as he fidgeted around where he stood, "We're bonded, right? I can feel when he feels things. I- he needs me right now."

“I can’t just let you go because your mate ‘needs you right now.’ If I let everyone go with that excuse, none of the mated alphas would be here,” He snorted while shaking his head. “Is there a more specific reason why this is worrying you?”

“He’s pregnant,” Dream explained as he began to fidget around with his fingers in front of him. He couldn’t help himself but think about George and why he was feeling that way. The only feeling he could get was a want deep inside of him- no other emotions really seemed to stick out.

That changed the older alpha’s tune. He raised an eyebrow as he spoke again, “Oh, congratulations.” He scanned over Dream quickly before he waved him off, “You’re not going to be any use for me here if you’re so distressed over your partner. Go ahead, you’re a pretty good employee already. Don’t try this every time you want to leave.”

“I won’t,” Dream nodded, swallowing again as he stepped out of the office carefully and closed the door to give the boss his privacy back. Dream did interrupt him earlier just to ask to go home.

Dream practically ran out of the office and to his car. It would be an understatement to say that the blond was speeding on his way home. He knew it was a bad idea to do that, but he was overwhelmed by his alpha instinct to get to his mate.

The alpha made it home in record time. There was no way he would get home at the time he did if he was actually following the speed limits.

He practically kicked open the door as he hurried into the house. “George?” He shouted into the house, his eyes wide as he wondered where his partner might be.

A loud whine sound from upstairs signaled to Dream where his partner was located. Quickly, he shucked his shoes off and hurried upstairs to help his omega with his needs.

At first, the alpha paused in the bathroom to see if George was in there. The blond glanced inside the room for a second before noticing that no one was in there. Without a second thought, he returned to the hallway. He pushed open the door to their bedroom next to see if he was in there.

There was a makeshift nest set up out of their blankets and clothing on their bed. George had their laundry bin they usually kept in the corner on the bed with all of the laundry in the nest. From the looks of it, he didn’t sort through it all for Dream’s clothing and instead just dumped it all out.

And George laid in the middle of said nest on his back, fidgeting around slightly. He wasn’t wearing a shirt, but he also wasn’t wearing anything on his lower half. Dream somewhat expected to be hit by the scent of heat, but he wasn’t. Unlike actual heats, mock heats didn’t produce the alluring scent that drove alphas into ruts. He was careful as he stepped towards George not to startle him.

His eyes fluttered open as he whined once again. “Alpha- please, please,” He moaned quietly as he bucked his hips upwards. Dream thought it was quite interesting to see George so close up in this state while not being hazed into his rut.

“I’m here, George,” he murmured caringly as he made his way towards the bed. He stalled at the edge for a moment as he stared down at his partner. “What do you need, baby?”

“Need your knot,” the brunet mumbled as he pushed himself up from the bed. He sat back on his haunches as he pleaded with Dream. “Please, please, please alpha. Need it. Please.”

Dream nodded as he quickly began to unbutton his shirt. It didn’t take long until he tossed it onto the bed with the rest of his clothing. He moved to unbutton his pants as well and just stepped out of

them. Quickly, he crawled onto the bed and placed himself in front of George.

At this point, Dream was half hard just from seeing George in such a state. His inner alpha kicked in enough as it sensed George acting in a heat-like state. It was confused, though, since it didn't detect any of the scent to go with it.

The omega buried his head on Dream's shoulder as he pressed his nose up against the gland on the back of Dream's neck. He inhaled deeply as his hand shifted to palm Dream through his boxers- probably to speed up the process.

Dream grunted at the friction through the fabric of his boxers. He placed a kiss against the side of George's neck before murmuring, "How much of you is there, George?"

"Enough," he purred as he continued to lap up Dream's scent as it poured from the neck gland.

Dream wasn't entirely sure how to take that, if he was being honest. Did that mean George wasn't fully succumbed into the heat state or was he just saying things to get Dream to do what he wanted? It didn't matter that much since his inner alpha was clawing its way out to complete the task it was given.

He quickly grabbed the omega's wrist as he tried to continue palming his partner through his boxers. Honestly, the omega should've stopped when he realized that he got Dream fully hard, but he was probably too busy swimming in the citrus and pine scent that was Dream.

"Where can I touch you, baby?" Dream asked softly as he released his partner's wrist lightly. He gently moved his hands to George's sides and ghosted around his waist.

"Everywhere- please," George pleaded before he grabbed both of Dream's hands. He moved them up to his breasts and quickly shoved Dream's hands to cup them. As soon as his large hands made contact, the omega moaned loudly and melted down onto Dream.

Hesitantly, the alpha gave a small squeeze of his partner's newer breasts. The omega moaned loudly again as he began to rock back on his hips. If Dream didn't know better, he'd think that his partner had something inside of him.

He removed his hands and pushed George back on the bed gently. The omega obeyed instantly and rested his hands above his head to give his alpha the full show of himself. He also placed his legs on top of his partner's shoulders before connecting his ankles together behind his head.

Dream's eyes scanned down his partner's body- starting from his fluffy brown hair all the way down to his hole. And the alpha was right, George did have something inside of him. It was the peachy colored dildo he knew George kept in the closet for whenever he got horny or went into heat when Dream was at work.

"Needed something- needed you. Prepped m'self," George mumbled as Dream's eyes continued to stare at the dildo stuffed into his partner's hole. He squirmed over the intense gaze before adding, "F'you."

"Good boy," Dream hummed softly as his hand ran down George's body before grabbing the base of the dildo inside of him. "This the knottable one?"

George had two dildos in their closet- a knottable one and a replica of Dream's dick. The second one was new- as of when they got bonded. Dream got it for him assuming that he could use it before switching over to the knottable one for his heats. Again, that was before they found out George was pregnant.

He didn't even need to ask. The base of the toy had a switch on it that caused the base of the shaft to inflate in a fake knot. It wasn't on, of course, since George was basically cockwarming the dildo until Dream came home. "Don't-" George warned quickly. His calves squeezed on either side of the alpha's head in a warning. So there was some part of George still there enough to at least attempt to fight back a little.

"Am I not allowed to have any fun?" Dream growled. He continued to hold the base of the toy teasingly. He jerked it out slightly before pushing it back to its previous position. He lightly clicked his nail against the switch to tease George.

"Want your knot- not the toy," George whined as he tried to pull away. Dream's firm hand quickly found its way onto his stomach to hold him in place.

Dream and George held their eye contact for a moment before George broke away to squirm. From what Dream could gather, he guessed that George thought he could squirm away since Dream was too focused.

"Fine- but we're gonna do this some other time," Dream grunted as he slowly pulled the dildo out of his partner. It was coated in the omega's slick as it came out and caused some more to pour out of him due to blocking the exit. The alpha tossed it away on their bed as he looked down at George. "Why'd you use that one anyway?"

The brunet's blue and brown eyes were wide as he stared up at his partner. He mumbled something only somewhat coherent as he leaned back against the materials of the nest.

"Would have reminded you of me more, baby," Dream scoffed as he adjusted George's position for a moment. Dream glanced down before guiding the tip of his dick to the entrance of his partner's hole. He teased around lightly with a grin. George tried to grind down on his cock despite nothing even being inside of his partner.

Quickly, Dream pushed himself in with a grunt. He went in pretty easily since George already stretched himself out and had a dildo previously filling the same space just moments ago. His omega was also leaking out what felt like mass amounts of slick.

"You robbed me of my favorite part," Dream hummed as he began to bring himself in and out of his partner quickly.

"I- haven't," George mumbled as he tried to brat back against his partner. Dream shut him up quickly by thrusting up into his prostate. The omega released a whiny moan at the movement.

"Guess that's true," Dream grinned as he pulled his way out of his partner for a moment. He brought two of his fingers down and scooped some of the slick out of his partner and licked his fingers.

The omega whined loudly as he felt the loss of his partner from inside of him. Dream was quick to clean his fingers before pushing himself back into George's body. While he loved to tease his partner, he didn't want to do so when he was in such a state (oh- if only he knew that he did that when in rut as well).

Dream's hands slipped their way up George's body before resting on his omega's tits. He held them for a moment before running his thumbs over his nipples. In response, the brunet moaned at the stimulation as he tried to push himself further into Dream's hands.

He continued to work with his partner while pushing his way into and out of him. He got much

more aggressive as he continued, his inner alpha clawing its way out of his body in an attempt to control the situation.

“M gonna-” George moaned out softly as he found himself being pounded into the mattress. He grinded back against Dream as the blond pushed back into him.

“Wait a second,” he commanded as he quickened his pace. His movements got much sloppier as he continued to work himself towards his orgasm. The blond found a tightness coiling deep inside of him as he closed into his climax. He grunted out a low, “Cum for me, baby.”

The omega did just that with a high pitched, whiny moan as Dream shoved himself as deep into George’s hole as he could. He could feel his knot inflate while his cum painted the walls of his partner’s body.

Dream held himself up by quickly placing his arms to cage George against the bed. He didn’t want to collapse against his mate after his orgasm.

When he settled down enough, he shifted their positions so that both him and George were comfortably on the bed instead of the previous position they engaged in. His movements were careful as he didn’t want to disturb his knot. He growled at George every time the omega tried to squirm.

He did manage to lean over to his nightstand and grab a wipe from their supply of baby wipes. With gentle movements, he wiped George’s cum off the smaller man’s stomach while not trying to disturb his tired out dick.

When he was comfortably laying back against his bed, he began to run his hands gently up and down George’s sides. “You back?” Dream asked softly as he placed a kiss against his partner’s crown.

“Not fully, but enough, I guess,” George retorted as he leaned his head against Dream’s chest. He sighed lightly before a gentle purr rose up from his throat. Lazily, he threw his arms around Dream’s neck.

“So what do you remember?” He hummed as he asked the question.

“Nothing much- just hazy,” He answered. There was a moment before he quickly added, “No, that’s wrong. I remember you being a dick to me.”

Dream scoffed. “I was not being a dick. I just wanted to have a bit of fun, okay? I’m not usually ‘there’ whenever you have a dildo shoved up your ass.”

“If you wanted to tease me like that,” George huffed as he tightened his grip around his partner. “You should’ve just asked. Not then, though. I probably would’ve been much more receptive if you asked sometime.”

“Speaking of, why didn’t you use the replica?” Dream asked with a forced smile. He couldn’t help himself from asking such a question. It was mainly because he may or may not have been a bit jealous that George used the knottable one. He knew it was dumb for him to be jealous about a *toy*, but his stupid alpha instincts were acting for him.

“I didn’t know if you’d be able to get home from work or not,” George answered plainly as he pulled himself up from Dream’s chest. Unfortunately for Dream, his partner could feel the jealousy through their bond. “I could’ve used the knot to stave off the mock heat for a bit. It probably works how actual heats work anyway.”

The alpha only hummed in response since he didn't know what to say. His hands continued to lightly slide up and down George's sides before occasionally slipping down to feel his bump. He did, however, stay away from his partner's breasts as he wasn't sure how he'd react to them being touched when not in the heat-like state.

"I hated that," George groaned as he nuzzled against Dream's chest again and got himself comfortable. "I was about to cook lunch when it hit. There wasn't any warning either. I just got hit with a wave of want."

"So you crawled your way upstairs and created the messiest nest I've ever seen in my life?" Dream chuckled lightly as he buried his nose against George's hair.

"Don't insult my nest, Dream," George warned. His nails scraped against the back of Dream's neck as he spoke. In response, the alpha shivered at the touch.

"Sorry, baby," Dream hummed as he placed a few kisses quickly on George's head to apologize. "You're gonna start keeping a permanent nest soon, right?"

"Probably," George answered before sighing. "I'm seriously gonna take the internet away from you. You're just gonna stress yourself out if you keep doing this."

"I can't help it," Dream answered with a huff. He wrapped his hands around the base of his partner's spine before gently rubbing his thumb against his bare skin. "I'm just gonna shut up now, okay?"

"Good," George huffed before giggling slightly against Dream's chest. He began to play with the baby hairs on the back of Dream's neck while a purr rose from his throat. Dream couldn't help as he joined in.

Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

I didn't post last week and this chapter is shorter because I started college :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The office was much less busy the second time around. There was only one other couple in the waiting room when Dream and George found their seats against one of the walls. From their lack of scents, George could tell they were betas.

George found himself nuzzling up against his alpha's chest as soon as he sat down. What could he really say? Pregnancy was causing him to act like he was in a constant state of pre-heat.

The omega didn't want to wear a shirt. Who could really blame him? For the most part, the shirts he owned didn't really fit him with the new shape of his body. On top of that, the addition of his sensitive nipples made it so that he couldn't really handle the fabric rubbing up against his body.

Somehow, Dream managed to make him compromise by wearing one of his shirts. It was very large on George to allow him room to fit in while also smelling identical to Dream... since it was his shirt.

"I don't wanna leave here," George mumbled as he adjusted himself to be sitting atop of Dream instead of in his chair.

"George, we're in public," Dream smirked as he spoke, his breath ghosting over George's ear as he wrapped his hands around the base of the brunet's spine. His thumbs rubbed gently circles as he purred softly to comfort George- despite knowing that he really didn't even need comforting.

"I know, dumbass," George mumbled just loud enough for Dream to hear. "That doesn't mean I'm not allowed to sit on your lap, huh?"

Dream turned his head to the side and sighed, but George could still see the visible smirk on his mouth as he said such. "You're such an idiot." There was another moment before he spoke louder, "Okay, I guess you can. But you do have to know that we aren't going to be able to not leave."

"Why not?" George whined as he pulled his head upwards and against the blond's neck. His nose buried itself into the blond's scent gland on the back of his neck. There was a visible bite mark on the spot. While the mark itself was as temporary as any other, non-bonding bite, it made George feel better since his mate was 'marked' as well.

"Because we're in the doctor's office and we need to have the pup checked," Dream purred softly as he continued to roll his thumbs around the small of his back. Occasionally, his fingers teased with the hem of his shirt before leaving it alone.

"Whatever," George shrugged and buried himself back against Dream's shoulder and inhaled his pine and citrus scent deeply.

They continued to cuddle for a few more minutes. Both were purring softly enough that no one else in the room would be annoyed by the noise, but still loud enough for the other to hear them. They

stopped when they heard someone speak the brunet's name.

"George?" The assistant behind the desk asked, causing the brunet's head to perk upwards. He physically pried himself off of Dream to allow both of them to stand up before he wrapped himself around the taller blond again.

"That's me," he answered and allowed Dream to guide them over to the desk. George had to unwrap himself from Dream once again in order to fill out a few forms and papers in order to get the appointment completely settled before the man stepped out from behind the desk.

The assistant quickly guided them back to a room in the back of the office. He smiled at the pair before mentioning that the doctor would be in soon for their appointment.

Thankfully, it wasn't too long until the doctor made her way into the room. She was actually the same doctor as last time, thankfully, so George didn't need to learn another name in order to talk about his pup.

"Hello George and Dream," she smiled as she closed the door behind her and stepped towards her desk. It seemed that she had to stop herself from coming closer to the pair as she seemed inclined to shake hands with Dream. "It's good to see you two again."

"I'd say the same," George replied cheerfully as his hand absentmindedly lowered to rub his belly bump gently. Ever since he first found out he was pregnant, he couldn't help himself from touching his pup and showing that he was there.

She quickly discussed what was going to happen during that appointment- much of which meant that she had to physically touch George in order to do her job. Dream didn't seem too happy with that idea but didn't actually make any objections.

George and the doctor exited the room where she weighed George and took his blood pressure. She also got him to pee in a cup in order to test his urine for any problems within the pregnancy itself.

When they finished all of that, George found himself back in the room with Dream. The room smelled very strongly of Dream as he seemed to be working himself up with the lack of his pregnant mate in the room.

"I'm back, idiot," George said affectionately as he nuzzled against Dream's cheek lightly before placing himself back on the chair. "I can tell you were worrying yourself without me here."

"It's in my nature, okay?" Dream quickly defended himself, huffing out quietly. The doctor laughed quietly at the exchange before leaving the room for a moment. Dream's gaze quickly shifted over to George to ask him, "Where's she going?"

"She's gonna get some things," George answered. When Dream gave him a look, George sighed and explained, "Okay, okay. She said that she's gonna be grabbing the doppler to hear the baby's heartbeat and the ultrasound equipment."

Dream's face immediately shifted into a large smile as he heard that come from George's mouth. "Does this mean we're gonna both hear and see our pup?"

George giggled quietly and nodded quickly. He was just as giddy at the idea as Dream was... how couldn't he? He and Dream were having a pup and were going to see it for the first time today.

The two sat in their excited states for a bit as they waited for the doctor to come back. Once again, thankfully, it didn't take too long for her to come back with the items in tow.

“I’m going to do the doppler first and the ultrasound second. I hope you don’t mind that,” The doctor spoke quickly, her face twisted into an apologetic frown as she began to set up the doppler.

“Oh no, we don’t mind at all,” George smiled as he answered before turning over to Dream again. He couldn’t help himself from seeing the smile on his mate’s face as he continued to think about hearing his pup’s heartbeat.

Dream stood up to give the doctor more room and quickly scurried his way over to the side of George. His hand found its way into George’s as the blond began to whisper sweet nothings into the smaller man’s ear soothingly.

It wasn’t too long until the brunet heard the popping of a cap and turned his head in the direction of the noise. The doctor was holding a bottle of gel that she lined up at George’s belly before squeezing a generous amount onto him.

George couldn’t help himself but shiver at the feeling of the liquid against his belly. It was certainly a strange feeling as it rested on his skin before she began to rub the wand of the doppler against his belly.

Dream noticed the minor flinch at the feeling and began to comfortingly rub his thumb across the brunet’s knuckles to soothe him while he was ‘in distress.’ While George didn’t need it, he certainly could appreciate how much his partner cared for him.

It wasn’t too long until a steady heartbeat was heard in the room. George bit his lip to stop himself from smiling and laughing with joy at the sound.

Dream, on the other hand, wasn’t as encouraged to hide away his happiness. His smile was bright and bubbling as he leaned forward and placed a kiss across his partner’s forehead gently.

The doctor moved her way around the smaller man’s body to listen for the heartbeat in other places. The three of them were able to hear the heartbeat in two other places on George as well- both George and Dream couldn’t help smiling at that.

George noticed that there was a strange expression that crossed the woman’s face for a moment before she turned around to get the ultrasound machine ready.

“We’re gonna see our pup,” Dream whispered to George, his breath hot against his ear. George shivered from both the feeling of his breath against his ear and the joy that he felt for seeing his pup for the first time.

She came back and squeezed a bit more gel onto George’s stomach. He was more used to it the second time around than he was the first time, but he couldn’t contain the shiver that worked its way up his spine.

It wasn’t too long until the second wand made its way onto his belly and began to work the gel around his skin to get a clear view of the inside of his belly- where his pup was growing.

George cranked his head backwards to stare at the screen where Dream and the doctor’s eyes were focused. He wished that he could see it better, but understood why he couldn’t. The doctor was much more focused on finding the pup herself before showing the soon-to-be parents.

“There’s the baby,” the doctor explained as she adjusted the screen around and pointed at the screen. George couldn’t help himself from squeezing Dream’s hand as he stared at the spot on the ultrasound. There was a pause and a shift in the woman’s face for a moment before speaking again and pointing at another place on the screen, “And there’s another one. Right there.”

“T-two?” Dream exclaimed, his own hand tightening around the smaller man’s hand as he stared at the display. George squeezed back since he couldn’t believe it himself. He could feel a flurry of emotions rush through both himself and Dream as they continued to watch the doctor.

“Twins,” the doctor smiled as she turned away from the screen to the two men in her room. The omega felt his throat close up for a moment before a quiet, choked sob slipped past his lips. Tears quickly streamed down his face over the thought that he wasn’t just carrying one of Dream’s pups but two.

He wanted to put his hands on his belly, but it was coated in the ultrasound gel. Instead, he placed them at the bottom of his belly- just below where the doctor spread the cold gel.

“That’s why you’re bigger than normal, baby,” Dream purred softly as he nuzzled his face against the side of George’s face. He placed a few quick kisses on George’s tears as they continued to stream down his face.

“I thought there may have been two heartbeats,” the doctor spoke as she continued to look at the screen. “I wasn’t too sure if you two could hear it, but I thought there may have been a difference as I moved from one side to the other.”

“We’re having twins, Dreamie,” George felt the tears slide down his cheeks as he thought about his pups. Not just his pup, his pups.

“I know, baby,” Dream purred softly as he pressed a kiss against his partner’s cheek where the tear had just slid down.

The doctor didn’t say anything for a bit to give them some time together. When they didn’t speak anymore, she made a small ‘ahem’ noise to get their attention. “I can print that out for you two if you’d like.”

“Yes. Yes, of course,” Dream spoke quickly, his head quickly bobbing up and down in response. George was doing exactly the same movement. He couldn’t help himself- he wanted to keep his pups with him... even if they already were, of course.

It wasn’t long until George was walking out with the print-out of his pups in his hands. The smile didn’t leave his face at all as he made his way into their car. His eyes still didn’t leave the picture in his hands. He couldn’t help but smile at his pups. He knew he loved them so much.

Chapter End Notes

kudos to the people who guessed it was twins even b4 I made any hints towards it,,
no seriously, go back and check the comments on the chapters before this one

Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

sorry for this taking so long,,, college is very hard and the transition was tough

also, I had writers block ig,,, that's a weird thing

I can't promise anything about the next chapter, though, so don't really expect too much from me, okay?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The brunet rolled over on the bed from his back to his side. He was growing more frustrated that he couldn't lay on his stomach anymore as he found that to be the most comfortable sleeping position, but knew better than to try it.

Both he and his mate were already very protective of the pups growing inside of him. Their protectiveness only increased as the days went on. It was actually starting to cause some problems with Dream having to leave for work, but he was still able to push through. Thankfully, he'd be able to take leave in a few weeks.

George was alone today (not technically, but he didn't feel like his pups were that much of company at the moment). It wasn't abnormal for him to be alone on days like this. Dream was away at work since it was a weekday.

Unfortunately, he was lonely. Very lonely.

It wasn't in the horny way that he was used to feeling every now and then since he got pregnant, but instead in the more 'I miss interaction with others and want to cuddle.' While Dream may be busy, he realized that he could easily call someone else who wasn't busy.

He groaned as he reached over and grabbed his phone from the bedside table. He wasn't groaning because he didn't want to text someone else. It was more that he didn't want to get up from the bed since it was so comfortable. Dream had allowed him to keep a permanent nest set up on the bed for the time being. George was planning on setting one up in the nursery soon.

Speaking of- Dream had invited Skeppy over and the pair had moved the bed out of the spare bedroom. George had offered to help but was forced to sit in the living room and watch the two alphas as they worked. George felt like he was useless, but he was also sort of happy he didn't have to do any work.

There wasn't any furniture in the nursery yet, but it was currently empty. That meant George could make a nest there whenever he decided to do so. Maybe that day was today... It all depended on how he felt and whether or not he wanted to actually get out of bed that day.

He clicked into his messages and opened the group chat he had with the other two omegas he had known since college. Their last conversation had been about George having a baby shower or not. George didn't particularly want to, but Bad and Karl were heavily persuading him to do so.

Hey guys, are you busy? He sent simply. If it took them a bit or they responded negatively, then he

wouldn't bother them. He didn't want to be trouble for his friends despite being a bit needy.

No and I'm sooooo bored... Karl responded back almost immediately.

George and Karl began to send a few texts back and forth debating what they should do when Bad eventually responded that he was also free for the day. He apologized for not texting earlier despite the fact it had been ten minutes at most.

Do you guys want to come over to my house? Dream's not here and I don't really feel like leaving, George sent to the group before picking at his nails. He was nervous they wouldn't want to come over despite the fact they had hung out at one another's houses quite often.

Both responded affirmatively shortly after George sent that text. Instead of actually texting back, they both sent emojis. Karl sent a thumbs up and Bad sent a flushed face and a jazz hands emoji. George assumed that meant yes. After that, Bad and Karl began to discuss Bad coming over to Karl's place to pick him up.

George smiled as he glanced at the texts before pushing himself out of the large bed he shared with Dream. It would take Bad ten minutes to get there normally, but he was going to get Karl in town meaning that it'd probably be about an hour and a half before they got there. That was enough time for George to make some lunch for himself and the others when they got there.

He turned on some music on his phone before setting it down on the counter of the kitchen. He hummed along to the music as he made his way around the room and collected the various pots and pans needed to make something good.

George had barely noticed the time pass as he cooked. Just when he finished the meal, he heard the knocking of someone's knuckles against the front door. He felt a wide smile grow on his face as he scurried his way out of the kitchen and into the living room where the front door was located.

Quickly, he pulled the door open and hugged the two omegas at the door as soon as he saw them. He was so happy that they were there that he couldn't actually say it aloud. Soft tears slipped down his face as he tightened his grip around the two before pulling away and wiping his face.

"George, are you okay?" Bad asked quickly as he noticed the tears streaming down his friend's face. His eyes were soft and filled with concern as he comfortingly reached forward and squeezed his arm.

"Yeah, I'm okay," George mumbled with a smile on his face as he wiped the tears away from his cheeks again. "Just emotional, I guess. I think I just missed you both a lot and just people as well."

"We're here now, George," Karl smiled as he brought George into another quick hug before gently scenting the smaller man with his wrist. Bad mimicked the action softly after Karl did so.

George felt very comforted with the mixing of scents together. His own vanilla was nice as it mixed together with honey, sugar, and mint from the other two omegas. Omega scents usually mixed together really well as they were known to spend a lot of time together instead of against one another like alphas were.

"I made lunch while waiting for you guys. I literally just finished as you guys knocked, so it should still be good for us to eat," George smiled as he pulled away and gestured for the pair to enter the house. "I don't want it to get cold, y'know?"

The pair nodded and entered the house before scurrying over to the kitchen and eyeing the food that George had made. It wasn't that they couldn't make food themselves, but it was always nice to

have a nice meal made by a friend whenever they spent the time with one another.

They all ate together at the dining table George and Dream owned together. The pair didn't tend to use it too often as they preferred to eat either in the living room or in bed together, but that just made eating with Karl and Bad there all the more special.

The trio didn't eat quickly, but they didn't entirely spend a lot of time sitting back and enjoying each bit. As good as George's cooking was, they weren't particularly interested in savoring the flavor. They were, however, enjoying it to the point of not speaking.

George finished first and waited as he watched the other two enjoy their food. George's appetite had increased since he was now eating for two- no, three! He still couldn't believe that he was having two pups in one litter. George would've been happy with just one, but two was just as exciting.

As he thought about that, he remembered that he hadn't told the two omegas in front of him about the news. He was planning on doing it in person with all of their friends, but why not inform them of it now? It wasn't like Dream would be upset if he spoiled the news a bit earlier than they were supposed to.

"I'm having twins!" George exclaimed, a large smile on his face as he quickly placed his hands on his own belly and rubbed the area gently with his own hands. He didn't entirely intend to do so, but it had become instinct to reach out towards his pups whenever he discussed them.

"Wh- really?" Bad stumbled out, an equally large smile on his face as he pushed himself out of his seat and stepped towards the other omega. He hesitantly reached out to touch his stomach. George quickly grabbed Bad's wrist and placed it on his belly.

"Really?" Karl pushed himself out of his seat as well and bounced over to George and Bad. He also reached forward and gently placed his hand on George's stomach as though he could feel the pups inside of him.

George giggled the entire time while looking up at the two omegas. Their eyes sparkled as they stared down at George before they both shifted to make eye contact with the pregnant omega.

"I'm so happy for you and Dream," Karl purred, his scent thick in the air as he stepped back and grabbed his plate. He also reached over and grabbed Bad's plate before the other omega stepped back and took it from him.

Bad huffed, turning his attention towards George's plate and scooping it up before George could. Bad hurried after Karl towards the sink in the kitchen and the pair fought over cleaning the plates and the pots that George had used to prepare the meal.

"What are you two doing?" George puffed as he stepped into the kitchen and crossed his arms. They were the guests and now they were cleaning his dishes? This wasn't what he wanted when he invited them over.

Sure, he had some dishes piled up as he hadn't been in as much of a cleaning mood as he had before he was pregnant, but that didn't mean he and Dream were incapable of cleaning their things. It made George feel inadequate as he stepped forward to try and get the two other omegas out of the way.

He didn't mean to, but his vanilla scent soured in the air as he began to fret over his friends doing things that he was entirely capable of doing himself. He felt bad about it since they weren't

supposed to be doing that.

“George, it’s okay,” Karl hummed soothingly as he scrubbed off some of the filth on the newer dishes. “I can smell how worried you are. Bad and I got this since we don’t want you to be stressed.”

“Yeah,” Bad chirped along with Karl as he worked on another dish aside from Karl. He turned his head to look at George for a moment with soft eyes as the soothing scent of sugar and honey in the air. “Go sit down on the couch, we’ll be done in like five minutes, okay?”

“Okay,” George huffed as he stepped out of the kitchen and flopped himself backwards onto the couch. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and scrolled through various social media sites to see if anything interesting was happening.

As they said, it didn’t take them too long until they joined George in the living room. They weren’t talking nor did they have anything on the TV, so silence permeated the room. George didn’t mind, though, as it was comforting to be in silence with his friends rather than by himself.

It seemed that the other two weren’t so happy with the silence and lack of anything to do as George was. Maybe it was because George had always been a bit lazier than the others or maybe it was because he was pregnant and needed to save as much of his energy as necessary.

“Is there anything else you need done, George?” Bad asked, tilting his head back to look up at George on the couch. Karl had taken the chair in the room and George had splayed himself across the entire couch, leaving Bad to sit on the floor right next to the couch where George was located.

“I mean...” George mumbled as he thought for a moment. A thought quickly hit his head as he perked up from his lying position on the couch. “You guys can help me build my nest in the nursery. I haven’t made it yet, but I really need to do so. If you guys help me, it’ll be perfect. I just know it.”

The pair glanced at one another for a moment before turning to George with a smile.

“Of course!” Karl smiled before quickly clapping his hands a few times. Bad also stood up from the floor. It took George a moment before he joined them and led the others up the stairs and towards his room.

As soon as they reached his room, he stalled at the door. As much as he loved his friends, he didn’t want them to be inside of his room. It was a private space for him and his mate, not some place that all of the others needed to be.

“Would you guys mind...” George mumbled before gesturing towards the door. The room was coated in both George and Dream’s scents mingled together along with other personal scents that he didn’t want to be coated over by the sugar, honey, and mint of the other two omegas. On top of that, Dream may even get a little jealous since the pair still had alpha scents all over them.

“Oh yeah, no, sure,” Karl nodded as he stepped back from the doorway and dragged Bad with him. It didn’t seem that he needed to do that, but Bad went along with it anyway.

“The nursery’s down the hall if you wanna wait there,” George pointed down the hallway to where the spare bedroom had previously been. Originally, they had that room for others staying over, but it was also intended to be the location for their future pups. It just seemed that their plans were happening a little sooner than they previously intended.

The pair nodded before stepping off. Once they were far enough away, George opened the door

and slipped into his room and took a deep breath. As much as he enjoyed the company of Karl and Bad, Dream's scent made him shiver inside whenever he smelt it. He couldn't believe how much he missed the alpha when all he was doing was going to work for like eight hours.

He pushed those feelings aside as he hurried towards his closet and searched around for the spare blankets they bought. George had them for nesting in case he wanted extra blankets for his nest, but he never used them since he tended to use Dream's clothing instead.

George grabbed as many of them as he could carry before he hurried his way out of the room and towards the nursery. Once he got inside the room, he tossed them down on the floor for the other omegas to observe.

"They smell..." Bad started before stopping himself from saying anything more.

"They smell like you and Dream," Karl finished as he got down to the floor and began to stretch one of them out to be fully laid out. George couldn't help the flush that crossed his face as soon as Karl mentioned it.

"Yeah, they were in our room. Everything in there smells like us more than the rest of the house," George mumbled in defense of himself and his mate before he got down himself and helped Karl with the blankets.

"Sorry for that," Bad huffed as he lightly shoved Karl before joining them with the blankets. Karl rolled his eyes with a pleasant smile on his face. He sent a small, apologetic look to George instead of saying anything.

They were all working together with the formation of the nest. Each of them had their own visions for nests, though, so there was a bit of fighting with some of the making of it. Once this started, though, George immediately snapped out that it was his nest so they should follow his visions for it. Thankfully, that stopped the other two omegas from arguing too much with the making of the blanket nest.

George wanted the nest to be both soft but also plush and cushy. On top of that, he also liked whenever his nest had a divot in the middle for him to comfortably curl up in. Of course, he needed to make it bigger than he normally did because this wouldn't be his alone nest. This would be for whenever he and Dream were comforting the pups whenever they were born.

It wasn't too long until they were finished with the nest to George's specifications. He smiled as he looked at the beautiful nest before him. It was even nicer since he wasn't in preheat and he also had the help of two other omegas as they worked on it.

"I think it looks great," Karl smiled as he stood up from the floor and stared down at the bundle of assorted blankets in a comfortable mound.

"It looks amazing," George smiled as he leaned forward and shoved the two other omegas into a hug. He pulled away before he continued to speak, "I don't think I could've done this without you two, honestly. Mine would probably look a bit... messier than this. Anyway, I think-" George broke into a yawn.

"You look tired," Bad noticed with the yawn and George's hand moving up to wipe his eye after he finished yawning. "You can give the new nest a try if you'd like. Karl and I can go if you want your privacy."

"No," George mumbled as he dropped down to the floor and laid down in the nest. It was large

enough that Dream could fit in it or, at most, two other full sized omegas. He smiled as he realized that and looked up at the other two, “Join me in here. It was our shared effort that made it. We can all break it in.”

“Would Dream be upset about that?” Bad asked, tilting his head to the side as he looked down at the brunet omega who was comfortably resting in the nest. “I know he probably wouldn’t, but I don’t want to upset him when you’re pregnant...”

“No, of course not,” George giggled as he patted the two spots beside him. It took a moment before Bad laid down beside George on his right and Karl came down to lay on his left. They shifted a bit before they all grew comfortable in the large nest inside of a nearly empty room.

It wasn’t long until the pregnant omega fell asleep in the comfortable grasp of the two other omegas on either side of him. He felt safe and protected by his friends.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed :)

Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

omg an update???

okay, I feel super good rn and super invested in continuing this <3

still no schedule, but I feel really good about writing this again

this chapter isn't the greatest, but I think its a quick one to get me back in the flow of it

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Did you know that they’re each about the size of an avocado right now?” Dream asked, reaching up and painting the wall with a roller. They had debated over the color for a long time, but eventually settled on a nice shade of blue. That was George’s suggestion since he really couldn’t see many of the options that Dream wanted.

“And where did you get that from?” George’s eyebrow perked as he also painted the wall with his own roller. He liked the color of the walls much better than the white that was beneath it. It was also nice that the walls beneath were white since that meant the blue was laying on rather nicely.

“You know I looked that up, baby,” Dream chuckled, crouching back down to reroll his roller with paint. When he determined that he got enough paint, he stood back up and continued working on the same spot as before.

“Yeah, yeah.” George rolled his eyes. He sighed before pointing up towards the top of the walls with his free hand. Turning to the blond, he asked, “Can you get up there? I can’t reach it.” He stepped back so that Dream could get there without having to squeeze around the omega.

“It’s because you’re so short,” He pointed out, reaching higher than George could just for a point. And also so that he could paint the spot that George had pointed out. Show-off.

“I am not short, I am average height,” He huffed, crossing his arms as he took a step back from the wall. His vanilla scent filled the air, annoyance clearly present. “You shouldn’t make fun of your pregnant husband, idiot. I’m literally creating two lives inside of me as we speak.”

“Okay, okay,” Dream apologized quickly, his eyes soft as he looked at the ticked off omega beside him. He pumped a soothing scent into the air, apology also thick in the pine and citrus scent. “I’m sorry. I’m just being playful right now. Haven’t really been able to spend too much time with you because of work and I miss you.”

George set down his roller and wrapped his arms around his alpha. He missed the tall blond as well. George was getting more and more stressed out about his partner not being home with him for extended periods of time. Unfortunately, they still had about ten weeks until Dream was allowed to go on leave to care for his pregnant omega until the birth of their pups.

Honestly, George found it unfair how long it took for his partner to be able to spend all his time caring for him. If he had any say, as soon as he knew he was pregnant, Dream should be allowed to spend all his time at home caring for him.

“We probably should’ve painted the room before we built the nest,” George hummed into his partner’s shoulder, glancing over at the bundle of blankets with a tarp carefully placed on top. When they first brought the paint in there, George got extremely worried about ruining his nest, so Dream placed the tarp over it for safekeeping.

“We didn’t build the nest,” Dream emphasized, continuing his work on the wall. He didn’t turn from his position, but he did keep a firm hand on his omega’s waist in a possessive manner. “You built the nest. I would never even attempt to recreate what you do. I know better.”

“I didn’t mean you,” George sighed, feeling his eyes start to water a bit. George swallowed, trying to stifle his scent to keep Dream from noticing the change in his mood. “I mean Karl, Bad, and I. I just... wasn’t thinking about it when I did it. I was just lonely.”

George should’ve known better since he and Dream were bonded. Neither of them really needed each others’ scents to know how they were feeling. George tended to forget that whenever he tried to hide his thoughts away from his partner.

“No, no,” Dream was quick to attempt to clear up what he meant. His scent grew distressed in the air as George felt the worry begin to grow deep in his gut from his partner. “Don’t take that the wrong way. I love your nests and this one is perfect. I just don’t want to mess it up by accidentally getting paint on it.”

“Do you?” George sniffed, reaching a hand up to swipe at his eyes. He didn’t want to cry. He hated crying. It didn’t help that he cried so much more since he was pregnant and his hormones were going crazy. “You literally made fun of one of my nest a few weeks ago.”

Dream quickly set down his roller and ducked himself down so that he could look George into his brown eyes. George scanned his face quickly to see what he was thinking despite the fact he could feel the turmoil that his partner was facing deep inside of his gut.

“Baby,” Dream’s voice was soft. George felt like he was about to break just from the sheer amount of care in the single word. “I’m sorry. You literally mean the world to me. I love everything about you, which includes the things that you do or make.” He placed his hand on George’s belly bump, rubbing it gently. His other hand reached forward to place on his hip. “I love you with my full heart. I’m just an ass right now.”

“You’re not an ass,” George sniffled, one of his tears finally slipping down from his eyes and down his cheek. “You’re an idiot.”

“Yes, I’m an idiot,” Dream agreed, a weak smile on his face. His thumb began to gently rub up and down George’s waist. He was careful not to startle the omega, but George just pressed himself into his hand.

“My idiot,” George smiled, placing his hand on his alpha’s cheek softly. He leaned forward and pressed his lips against his partner’s in a soft, loving kiss. They were together for a long moment before he pulled away with a small sigh. He tangled his hand through the blond locks for a moment just to mess up Dream’s hair.

“Lay down in your nest, baby. I’ll take care of this,” he murmured, gesturing towards the walls around them. They had finished about half of the necessary work before this whole mess occurred.

“I don’t want to lay around all day. I want to do something for my pups,” George huffed, tightening his grip on his partner’s hair for a moment.

“You are doing something for our pups,” Dream chuckled, reaching up and grabbing the omega’s hand in his own. He ran his thumb over his knuckles affectionately. “You’re helping them grow, baby. They’re literally inside of you right now getting all the love and nutrients they need. And I think they’d love it if you laid back and watched me finish painting the walls.”

“I’m not useless,” George mumbled out, feeling as such since he hadn’t been able to do a lot of things because he was pregnant and Dream was overprotective. George already felt like a burden, so this just made him feel even worse.

“I never said you were useless, George,” Dream was quick to correct him, soothing pine and citrus filling the room and sticking to everything in the room. “If you want, you can put together some of the furniture. I just don’t want you to stress out too badly since you know that’s bad for them.”

George sighed, butting his forehead gently against the alpha’s for a moment. He just held them there for a moment as he thought before pulling back to look at Dream’s green eyes.

“Okay, I’ll lay in the nest,” George grumbled, but he secretly felt sort of appreciative for how much Dream cared about him. At the same time, George wanted to feel like he could actually do something without having his alpha over his shoulder all the time. “But! I’m gonna build the cribs.”

Dream nodded and guided his omega over to the nest covered by the tarp. Dream reached down and took the wrap off the pile of assorted blankets and a few pillows before helping George down into it. Once his partner was comfortably set inside of the large nest, he stepped back to the wall to continue painting.

George watched him for a long moment, his eyes following his arm movements as he reached up and covered the once white walls with the beautiful pale blue paint. Dream must’ve noticed his staring as he glanced back and gave him a warm smile before returning back to his work.

A faint blush crossed his cheeks at being caught. He shouldn’t be so embarrassed since Dream was, of course, his husband, but he was. George huffed and reached over towards the large boxes containing the cribs for the twins. He opened it up and carefully pulled all the pieces out for his nest.

The pair worked in semi-silence. George couldn’t help himself as he began to quietly purr to fill the silence in the room. It seemed to soothe Dream since he realized that his omega wasn’t overly upset with him.

George wasn’t upset with him. He was actually more upset with himself for reacting so negatively to his partner when he was just being playful. Dream had been very stressed out the past week or so due to the fact that his company had a large project for a very important business due soon.

He hadn’t really been too affectionate with George as of late other than when they were cuddling in bed to go to sleep or greeting one another whenever the blond came home. George understood that he was busy, but it still didn’t invalidate his feelings. So, he understood why Dream was acting this way. He had been stressed out because of the project and didn’t want that stress to rub off on the brunet.

The lack of loving interactions caused George to feel cagey and small. He just wanted his partner, but Dream felt so distant. It stressed him out to the moon and back because he needed the love that his alpha provided. He was in such a sensitive state due to his pregnancy that being without Dream for a long period of time in the day and not even giving him love when he was home practically broke him.

George found himself pretty far along on the cribs. Instead of working on them separately, he was working on both of them at the same time. He determined it would be easier since they were identical to one another and he could just do the same step twice instead of repeating the whole process again.

"I'm sorry," Dream broke the silence. George's purring stopped as soon as he heard his partner speak, turning his attention up towards Dream instead of the crib he was working on. The alpha had stopped painting and was instead facing the brunet with the roller held low. He had finished painting the wall he had been working on, leaving one more wall for them to paint before it was finished.

"What?" George asked, confused about what he was apologizing for.

"I'm sorry about how I've been acting," Dream sighed, bringing his free hand up from his side to rub his face hesitantly. "I just... I've been stressed out and I didn't want you to feel like that, too. Stress is so bad for you because of the pups, so I thought it'd just be better if I just didn't worry you about this."

"We already talked about this," George frowned, his posture stiffening as he thought back to the previous week. He began to worry his lip as he tried to hold himself back from crying since he had already cried enough about the topic.

"But you're thinking about it again," Dream pointed out with a heavy sigh. He ducked his head for a second before turning back to the brunet with large, watery eyes. "I didn't want to hurt you and the pups, but I did that anyway."

George swallowed hard, turning away from the alpha for a moment. He couldn't stop the tears from dripping down from his eyes and down his pink cheeks. He could feel the crushing feeling that was affecting both himself and Dream deep inside of his chest.

"Can you come here, Dream?" He asked as he turned back to his partner, gesturing to the large part of his nest that he wasn't currently occupying. He had made the nest big enough for three omegas to fit in, so there was absolutely room for both Dream and George to fit inside comfortably.

Dream nodded, bending over to put the roller down in the pan. He paused for a second before stepping towards his pregnant partner and settling down beside him. He looked so small and fragile sitting there. George wasn't really used to that since Dream always put on such a strong face- something that alphas usually did. Especially for their omega partners.

"I'm sorry," Dream apologized once again, reaching forward to place his hand on George's jaw. He swiped his thumb across his cheek to brush away some of the tears still trailing their way down his pale face.

"You've already apologized," George sighed, shaking his head before shuffling closer to Dream and wrapping his arms around his alpha partner. "I know you're sorry, Dream. I just... Can we talk next time? We've already gone through so much and that was just so hard for me. I can't handle you shutting me out."

"I'll talk to you, George, I promise," Dream murmured, removing his hand from George's face to stroke through his hair carefully. "I didn't mean to shut you out, baby. Stress is--"

"Bad for the pups. We both know this," George huffed, tightening his hold. "Stop saying that. I already know. Just... don't apologize to me through words anymore, okay? Can you just make it up to me through actions?"

Dream froze for a second at his words before settling back against his omega. He brought his other arm around his partner before leaning down and kissing the top of his head gently. "I'll do anything for you, baby."

"I missed you so much, okay?" George sniffled, but managed to hold back any salty tears from making their way into the world again. "I just want you to cuddle with me and love on me and kiss me and-"

"I'll do all of that. I promise you, baby," Dream interrupted his omega as soon as he realized he was rambling. George flushed when he realized that he must've been thinking a bit too hard about all of that. "I'll do all of that and more this weekend and throughout this pregnancy and for forever."

"You better, idiot," George scoffed, burying his head against the alpha's shoulder and inhaling as much of his scent as his nose could handle at once. "We're literally getting married, I should hope you'd love me forever more."

"I do," Dream murmured, his body shuttering against George. It took the omega a moment before he realized that the blond was actually crying against him. Quickly, he moved his hand upwards and began to rub his back affectionately. "It hurt me so much, but I just didn't want you to worry."

The two held onto one another for a long moment, neither one of them saying anything. Occasionally, one of them would sniffle or sob a bit into one another. They both didn't know what they were doing, but they were definitely trying. It was hard, but they were still figuring it out.

After a long moment, Dream finally pulled away and looked at George, wiping his own eyes from tears. He paused before reaching forward and swiping away the excess tears that had trailed down the omega's face as well.

"Now, can you get back to painting? I want you to finish so we can properly cuddle," George whined, pointing out the drying paint in the pan nearby. Dream's gaze followed George's hand to the pan before standing up.

"Of course, baby," Dream murmured, a weak smile on his face. He got up and stepped towards the pan to grab the roller. He glanced back at George before he started, quietly adding with a warm smile, "Just get nice and comfy in your beautiful nest and I'll work on this for you. I love you."

"I love you too, idiot," George purred, smiling as he settled back against the mounds of blankets and pillows. He didn't care that he wasn't working on the cribs anymore. He could work on those tomorrow or the next day. All he wanted was to wait for Dream and snuggle up comfortably in his warm arms.

Chapter End Notes

oops, surprise angst

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!